THE
NATION

October 4, 1965 . . 35c

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JAMES EASTLAND
Child of Scorn
ROBERT G. SHERRILL

IMAGE AND REALITY
CHINA FROM WITHIN
Charles Taylor

THREE BOOKS ON AFRICA
Gwendolen M. Carter

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LETTERS

Ultimate power

Scottsdale, Ariz.

Dear Sirs: I think the general substance of James MacGregor Burns's approach ["The Shadow Presidency," *The Nation*, Sept. 6] is a very good idea and I think it would be of great benefit to our form of government if we did, in effect, have a more organized and intelligent position. One of the problems is that there is no so-called titular head of the party when the party is not in the White House. The out party spends most of its time trying to figure out how to bury the unsuccessful candidate instead of trying to form a coalition around him with Congressional leaders, governors, et al., dedicated to the task of intelligent alternatives and intelligent positions.

This, however, is not going to come about, in my opinion, in this country as long as the power of the President is increasing. For example, the power he has with the press. The other day I counted twenty-four press releases in twenty-four hours, and it is practically impossible for the opposition voice to be heard. I think I could sum this whole problem up by recalling something that Jefferson said, and Mr. Burns leans heavily on him. Jefferson said: "I know of no safe repository for the ultimate powers of society but the people themselves, and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their controls with wholesome direction, the remedy is not to take it from them but to increase their discretion by education."

This is precisely what I am trying to accomplish with the Free Society Association, and I think it is what others are trying to do, to acquaint the American mind with the truth of what is taking place in our government today.

Barry Goldwater

Soccer heresy

Plainview, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: How dismaying to find David Cort's article on soccer ["Soccer: The Rabble Game," *The Nation*, Aug. 30]! Shame on you, *Nation* and Mr. Cort!

I am offended personally, for I have played soccer in the New York area for twenty years with high school, college, amateur and professional teams. . . . I am more seriously disturbed by Mr. Cort's display of both tunnel vision and chauvinism of the sort *The Nation* has so consistently opposed over the years. . . .

Please remind Mr. Cort that we soccer fans (and players) outnumber his baseball and football counterparts combined, many times over, and that we would rather kick than switch.

Jerry Mahrer

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Is poor David equally ignorant about all the other things of which he writes?

Robert Davidson

Anniversary

Wellington, N. Z.

Dear Sirs: I have read *The Nation* for half a century. . . . Its integrity and honesty and consistent championship of the "lower orders" has never faltered—and such is my chosen climate. When my father became very old he took to reading his hoarded back numbers, so rich was their quality as compared with other available reading matter. May this paper continue another 100 years.

Morva Williams

Correction

New York City

Dear Sirs: In my contribution to *The Nation's* centennial issue I referred to Alma Wertheim as the granddaughter of Ambassador Morgenthau. This was a careless slip of the pencil; I knew quite well that she was the Ambassador's daughter, and I regret having caught my own error too late to keep it out of print.

Freda Kirchwey

Still hovering

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs: Daniel Cohen's "The Return of Flying Saucers" [*The Nation*, Sept. 13] was, while quite interesting, in error on a number of points. . . .

The impression given was that the 1952 UFO reports in and around Washington, D.C., were confined to radar. This is simply not true. Also, Captain Mantell was flying an F-51, not a P-51, during his famous UFO chase.

I counted approximately sixteen errors in this article. With all this we are inclined to wonder whether the "bizarre state of mind" Mr. Cohen mentions belongs to UFO enthusiasts . . . or Daniel Cohen. . . .

Allen H. Greenfield
Editorial Director
American UFO Committee

New York City

Dear Sirs: Nobody saw any spaceships over Washington, D.C., on July 26, 1952. Only the radar echoes were out of the ordinary and they were caused by unusual weather conditions. A few pilots saw unexplained lights, but that is not at all strange over a well-lighted city like Washington. In addition, the lights did not coincide with the radar echoes. As for Captain Mantell's plane, the designation P (for Pursuit) is no longer in use; it has been replaced by F (for fighter). Thus the P-51 and F-51 are the same plane.

I trust my other fourteen "errors" were equally serious.

Daniel Cohen

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China the Peacemaker

Behind India and Pakistan's acceptance of the "cease-fire" are a number of critically important developments. Most apparent has been the thoroughgoing and energetic joint action of the United States and the USSR. Not merely have they been in agreement on the necessity for a cease-fire, but in this instance both powers put real muscle into their backstage negotiations. Nor should the efforts of France and Great Britain be minimized. Also the hard work of Ambassador Goldberg, not in front of television cameras but behind the scenes, has been impressive. But the paradox of the cease-fire, in a sense, is the fact that China is perhaps the power primarily responsible for it. Whatever China's intentions may have been — and we shall probably never know — it was the specter of direct Chinese intervention that got everyone moving. The Chinese demonstrated once again that they know how to put on, and take off, the pressure; the timing was excellent and the action got results. And it is a bit difficult to imagine that a cease-fire was not part of China's intention from the outset; Chinese diplomacy does not often produce "accidental" results. In this instance, even Pakistan may have been moved to accept the cease-fire in part because of its uncertainty over what the Chinese might do.

Now, with the stalemate over assessments (Article 19) out of the way, the United Nations has a chance to move forward. But two major "ifs" are implicit in this view. One is that China, the world's largest power, must be admitted to the UN; the case for admission was never clearer or more compelling. Next, the UN must now proceed, as U Thant has warned, to settle some of the problems it has permitted to fester these many years. For a time, postponement served as a substitute for settlement; it did keep the world from blowing up. But the UN has now entered the phase of its development in which basic settlements of real disputes can no longer be deferred. UN inaction is itself a cause of the present flareup of fighting between India and Pakistan.

Since 1962, the wise and patient Dr. Frank Graham, the UN's mediator, has been standing by, prepared to file a summary report on his tireless efforts to secure a settlement of the Kashmir dispute. Maybe the UN will now turn to its gifted mediator and request him to submit that report. In his analysis of 1958, Dr. Graham called attention to the fact that Pakistan had agreed that a UN peace force might be stationed on *Pakistan* soil — a major concession — if the UN would proceed with a plebiscite. Had this opening been followed up at the time, the Kashmir issue might have been settled.

The Secretary-General is right: the issues that have embittered relations among nations, and that periodically flare up in a way that endangers world peace, must finally be settled. Palestine, Cyprus, South Africa, Kashmir are some of these issues; Vietnam is another. But the UN will be powerless to propose a settlement of the war in Vietnam as long as China is excluded from membership.

Senator Fulbright Dissents

Any American who says a critical word about U. S. military or para-military operations anywhere on the globe is assured of a generally bad press in his own land; and Senator Fulbright is no exception. It avails him nothing that he is the Senate's leading scholar on foreign affairs, that the Fulbright scholarships are a landmark in creative statesmanship, that he is Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. When, as in his speech on U. S. intervention in the Dominican Republic, he presumes to criticize our policy in the Caribbean, and in Latin America generally, he is rebuked by most of the commentators. In the Senate, Morse and Clark spoke up in defense of their colleague but Senators Dodd, Smathers, Lausche, Long and others laid down the predictable barrage. As *Newsweek* observed, Senator Fulbright had "knowingly staked out a lonely position."

But perhaps his position is not as lonely as it appears to be. Any number of Senators who are known to agree with Senator Fulbright maintained a discreet silence for fear of incurring the displeasure of the White House. At about the same time that Senator Fulbright was speaking, Dr. Wolfgang Friedmann, an international law expert from Columbia University, voiced much the same criticism of the President's handling of the Dominican crisis before the World Peace Through Law Conference in Washington. Dr. Friedmann took the position that the unilateral use of force signals a major weakening of the United Nations. "We are faced," he said, "with the threat of a collapse of the painstaking efforts of nearly half a century, and especially the last twenty years, to build up a system of organized international control of the use of force." United States intervention in the Dominican Republic—without a showing of outside direction of the rebellion—"cannot be justified by any canons of international law."

After the Bay of Pigs fiasco, which Senator Fulbright also opposed, President Kennedy lamented: "How can I have been so stupid?" But his successor will not abide criticism nor acknowledge mistakes. Asked how he felt about the decision to intervene in the Dominican Republic, he replied: "I would do it all over again, only we'd have done it earlier and tougher." At the last moment, the President put in an unexpected appearance at the World Peace Through Law Conference to voice a few platitudes about the UN, while carefully avoiding any reference to the

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Dominican Republic. The distinguished array of 3,000 Supreme Court Justices and international law experts heard him out, but his remarks drew only "a tepid response."

In the wake of the Fulbright speech the House proceeded to adopt a resolution endorsing the unilateral use of force by the United States or by any other Western Hemisphere country to prevent a Communist take-over anywhere in the hemisphere. The resolution was approved by a vote of 312 to 52. The Administration had not asked for the resolution but it did not oppose it. Many members, though made uneasy, said that they couldn't oppose a resolution that seemed to be intended to serve as an ex post facto endorsement of the President's Dominican policy. Some of these same members also criticized the State Department for "lack of backbone" in not taking a stand against the resolution. While the resolution is without legal effect, it will be read as a blanket endorsement of the unilateral use of force and will add to the criticism of American policy in South America. Rep. John Brademas said that he had gone all the way up to Secretary Dean Rusk and had been unable to get anyone to say whether the department was for or against the resolution. In brief, there is no indication in Washington of a willingness to learn from experience or to listen to critics.

The No-Enterprise System

By all journalistic standards, the *Globe and Mail* of Toronto is one of the best newspapers in the Western Hemisphere. It is also the one Canadian paper which maintains a full-time correspondent in China. This must be an expensive operation and, aside from the cost, it must have taken some doing to get a man there in the first place, and to keep him there.

The first incumbent, Frederick Nossal, opened a bureau office in 1959 and was subsequently expelled when he sent some dispatches that annoyed the Red regime. On returning home, he did a piece for *The Nation* ("China's Second Experiment," June 15, 1963) and wrote *Dateline Peking* (Harcourt, Brace & World).

The *Globe and Mail* let matters rest for a while, then put out feelers to see whether Nossal might be reinstated. When that failed, they waited some more, then sent Charles Taylor to Peking. Taylor, a first-class reporter, has now been in China for eighteen months, traveling and sending to his paper informative material that did not reach the West from any other source. *The Nation*, through the *Globe and Mail*, commissioned him to write the article whch starts on page 180. It is not one of his regular dispatches.

The *Globe and Mail* is not in the syndication business. In this instance, however, since the material was unique and had international importance, they offered Taylor's dispatches to American newspapers. The articles have appeared frequently in *The New York Times*, and occasionally in *The Washington Post*, the *San Francisco Chronicle* and a few other papers, but the bulk of the American press has ignored them.

Another outcome of the *Globe and Mail* venture is that the Red Chinese news service was given permission by the Canadian Government to base two Chinese newsmen and their wives in Canada. Their dispatches are read by Taylor in the Chinese press and he reports that they consist mostly of straight Canadian news stories, with some "propaganda," or at any rate what our side would regard as such. They send no reports on the United States. Thus the Chinese people are totally dependent for news of the United States on what their government chooses to tell them—and that, we may be sure, is heavily larded with propaganda—while the American people are almost as badly misinformed about China.

The situation is deplorable, and even worse from the American standpoint than from the Chinese. It is we who are forever prating about on-the-scene reporting and truth in the news, but when it is made available in this crucial sector, the vast majority of the American press will have none of it. Apparently the truth about China is not news, nor do we want Chinese journalists in this country to give their version of events to their countrymen.

It was not always so. One does not have to be a grandfather, nor hark back to Richard Harding Davis, to remember when the American press was renowned for its enterprise. There is still no assignment too dangerous, no expense too great, when its foreign correspondents are reporting the number of Vietnamese guerrillas American soldiers have killed (mostly from aircraft) and similar feats of valor that make good reading next to the sports page. But a vast country like China our press is glad to leave to the Canadians.

The Pay-Later Economy

Most Americans nowadays are in debt, some of them up to their necks. Banks, loan companies and loan sharks, dealers in consumer goods, collection agencies, sheriffs and lawyers prowl on the fringes of the Affluent Society. Their prey is not the desperately poor, because they have no credit, nor the well-to-do who, when they borrow, are able to repay. The least reputable elements of the loan industry batten on the lower middle class, and particularly that segment which has recently risen from the working class and wants to live it up on an inadequate income. In this group bankruptcies are on the rise.

The loan industry — or, as it is more accurately termed in some of its activities, the loan racket — is one of the heaviest of the heavy advertisers. An American cannot step into a railroad or subway train, or a bus, or walk past a bank, or open a newspaper, or turn on a radio set, without being importuned to borrow. He borrows for vacations, for higher education, for home appliances, for clothes, and of course for his automobile. His home is mortgaged, and as soon as he accumulates an equity he is reminded that he can refinance and be in hock once more. Anyone who fails to borrow to the limit of his credit is regarded as a square.

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In one of its brilliant roundups, *Consumer Reports* (September, 1965) delves once more into the intricacies of the keep-them-in-debt business, which has become a major industry since World War II. Mortgage debt for nonfarm homes then stood at $20 billion; it is now close to $200 billion. Short-term debt (up to five years) has risen in twenty years from $5.5 billion to $80 billion—a ratio of nearly 15 to 1, as against something on the order of 3 to 1 for gross national product and for disposable income. Most of this consumer debt is little more than an unsecured promise to pay, since, except for automobiles, the goods purchased have little resale value or, as when the proceeds of the loan were used for a funeral or vacation trip, none at all.

The borrower counts on future earnings to keep up with the rat race. According to the Federal Reserve Board, 14 per cent of disposable income is now tied up in short-term debt repayments. This does not sound too serious, but about half the nation's families are estimated to owe it all, hence it averages about 28 per cent of *their* disposable income, which is quite a different matter. Moreover, when the economic quietists point to the growing volume of savings and assure us that it more than covers the growing volume of debt, they do not take into account that the people who have big savings are not the ones who have burdensome consumer debts. So far the structure has not begun to totter, but with increased borrowing concentrated in the most vulnerable sector of the population, sooner or later something will give.

Whatever built-in safeguards against massive overcommitment once existed are now being jettisoned in the rush to sell and buy, lend and borrow. If the would-be borrower has a job and is not officially bankrupt, he is automatically classified as a worthy credit risk. The trouble with this criterion is that the people who buy on the easiest (and most expensive) terms are the ones with the least job security — even without automation threatening them. And of course, in a capitalist economy, they have no capital.

The lenders and sellers take care of themselves. When merchants sell on time, they job the contracts to banks or sales finance companies, which hold the bulk of consumer paper. This system protects the seller and lender against the imprudence, miscalculation or hard luck of the buyer-borrower. The dealer may write a contract for, say, 18 or 24 per cent true annual interest on an automobile loan, on which the bank expects a return of 12 per cent true annual interest. The difference is the dealer's reserve, a nice term for kickback. The dealer has every incentive to pack all he can into this fund, out of which losses due to default are paid.

Time was when a merchant was interested solely in selling goods. Later, though he resorted to consumer credit to stimulate sales, his primary objective was still to sell. Now the goods are often only a bait to sell indebtedness, which is where the profit lies.

All of which gives added point and relevance to the Truth-in-Lending legislation jointly sponsored by Senators Paul Douglas and Philip Hart. This legislation would simply require the lender to inform the borrower of the interest rate and the total amount of the carrying charges. Presumably this information would place improvident borrowers on notice as to what the actual cost of the loan would be and, more important, enable borrowers to shop around for better terms. One would think that such legislation would pass by acclamation in a Congress dedicated to The Great Society. But Chairman Willis Robertson has kept the legislation bottled up in the Banking and Currency Committee for three and a half years. It will probably emerge from committee the day the boom breaks.

French Conscience

A number of French artists and intellectuals—including many who protested the French colonial war against Algeria by signing the famous "Manifesto of the 121"—have just issued an appeal on behalf of the deposed president of Algeria, Ahmed Ben Bella. Among the petitioners are Arthur Adamov, Simone de Beauvoir, Claude Bourdet, Aimé Cesaire, Yves Montand, Alain Resnais, Claude Roy, Françoise Sagan, Nathalie Sarraute and Jean-Paul Sartre.

The appeal expresses no judgment on the Ben Bella regime or on that of Colonel Boumedienne, which so abruptly replaced it. It demands that the deposed president, whose whereabouts and condition have remained unknown since his arrest three months ago, be accorded the elementary human rights that have thus far been denied him: the right to be represented by a lawyer of his own choice, to be treated by his own doctor (he is rumored to be seriously ill), to receive friends and other visitors.

This "urgent appeal to the world conscience," as the signers call it, is a further example of the high sense of moral responsibility that the French nonconformist intelligentsia bring to public issues.

No Place to Hide

Hypocrisy, according to the aphorism, is the homage that vice renders to virtue; it is also a useful screen for morally indefensible actions. For more than ten years, hypocrisy has been an indispensable element in the conduct of American policy in Vietnam: It was not our war, it was the war of the Vietnamese people, whom we were selflessly aiding against the invader from the north. Our soldiers and airmen were not fighting, only advising, and when they were killed it was while pondering and counseling. Ngo Dinh Diem was practically a saint (until we decided to get rid of him), and our every action was on the side of justice and virtue.

These pretenses enabled Americans, except for an immunized minority, to defend the war as a just war, or simply to disregard it. That is all over now. Since the massive escalation of the war—more specifically

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since President Johnson said that we were in effect at war, and the more as we have pushed the Vietnamese aside—it has become our war in a sense that was not true in the past. This is what the *Manchester Guardian* means in a recent editorial comment titled "Americanization of the Vietnam War." Among other things, it has become more than ever a white man's battle. This has important military and political implications in Asia, but it also makes things less comfortable for the folks at home. As men are drafted for service in Vietnam, the war will be brought home to them in a way that the most unlettered cannot fail to understand. But it is the spiritual advisers, the clergy, the commentators and interpreters, who have a heavy burden now thrust upon them. They must either justify what is increasingly difficult to justify, both in its scope and its character, or they must stand up and protest. The questions of aims, intentions, proximate and ulterior motives, take on a new importance and cannot be glossed over.

"The agony of rural Vietnam, where 75 per cent of its people live, must be seen to be comprehended," one observer reports from Vietnam. "It is found in the faces of the widow and the orphan, the hurt and the homeless, the harassed and the fearful—and their name is legion." The speaker is Stephen G. Carey of the American Friends Service Committee, so what he says may be discounted—the Friends are always on the side of magnanimity. But a distinguished Roman Catholic theologian, the Rev. George Tavard of Mount Mercy College in Pittsburgh, argues that "the people of any given nation have a native right to make a revolution without the interference of foreign power," and on this basis questions the morality of U.S. policy. The National Council of Churches has formed a committee of fourteen prominent churchmen "to study the deepening crisis." And letter writers in the newspapers show increasing solicitude over our role.

The conclusion increasingly reached is that this war cannot be "just," essentially because it is immoral to fight a war in the midst of a civilian population that has never clearly expressed itself one way or the other on the so-called issues. It is basically a great-power struggle, and since it cannot be fought except with the most horrible consequences to people who are in effect bystanders, it is inherently and irremediably immoral.

How soon such conclusions can affect the power elite in Washington is a moot question. But the conscience of the rest of America is on trial. If we are different from, say, the Germans in World War II, now is the time to make the difference manifest. If we fail to do so, we will be judged by history as they have been judged.

Mr. Sherrill Goes to Washington

Recently Robert G. Sherrill, well known to *Nation* readers (see p. 184, this issue), decided to take up residence in Washington. Taking advantage of this move, *The Nation* has named him its Washington correspondent.

Image and Reality

CHINA FROM WITHIN . . . . . Charles Taylor

Peking

From the vantage point of Peking, United States policy statements on China make strange and disturbing reading. Speeches by President Johnson, Secretary Rusk and other leaders impress one clear picture on their audience. China is the "enemy": an angry, irresponsible giant with vast armies and a nuclear potential, supporting aggression in South Vietnam and revolutions everywhere, determined to conquer or control the whole of Southeast Asia, and probably bent on eventual world domination.

Washington decrees, therefore, that Peking must be tamed and even taught a lesson. It must be contained by military might, denied diplomatic recognition and a United Nations seat, cut off even from trading and cultural contacts with the American people. The bombing of Chinese military and industrial centers is openly discussed as a final resort.

Small wonder, then, that the Chinese leaders seem to believe their own propaganda: that the United States is an angry, irresponsible giant with vast armies and nuclear arsenals, ringing the Chinese mainland with military bases, and occupying the Chinese island of Taiwan, supporting Fascist dictatorships and suppressing popular revolutions, and cooperating with the Soviet Union to dominate the world at the expense of all the emerging peoples.

While each view contains some segments of truth, both propaganda pictures are wide of the mark to an extent that would be ludicrous, were it not so dangerous. It seems worth while, therefore, and even urgent, to convey to Americans some idea of how China looks today, from the inside. As seen in Peking—and on trips throughout the Chinese mainland—the "enemy" is a vastly different creature from the bogyman of U.S. propaganda.

First, it must be said with all possible emphasis that the present posture of China is defensive, not aggressive. In the foreseeable future, that is not likely to change, and for one outstanding reason. Despite

Charles Taylor is completing an eighteen-month assignment as correspondent in China for the Globe and Mail *of Toronto.*

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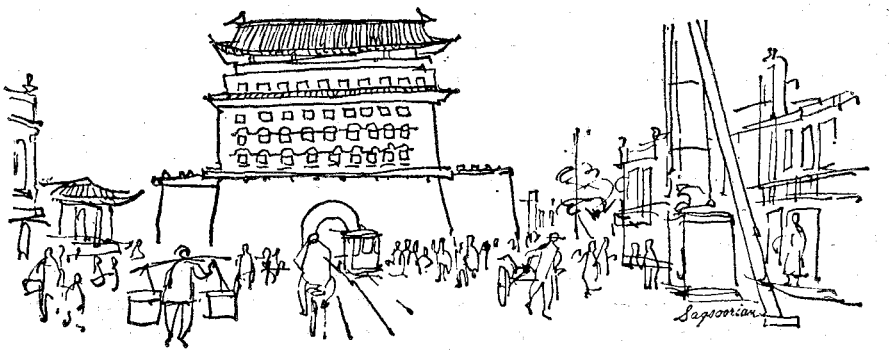
their violent polemics against both the United States and the Soviet Union, and despite their support for revolutionaries in Asia, Africa and Latin America, the Chinese leaders are primarily concerned with domestic problems, both economic and political. In their twilight years, the tough old rulers in Peking have a host of headaches on the home front. Nothing in their record suggests that they would aggravate these problems, and imperil their present progress, by indulging in risky foreign adventures. Indeed, their attitude is just the opposite: during sixteen years of Communist rule, Chinese foreign policies have been marked by caution rather than desperate bravado—and that applies even to their military adventures in Korea, the Himalayas and the Taiwan Straits.



When they won their final victories in 1949, the Chinese Communists faced two main tasks: to build China into a modern industrial power, and to insure the future of their revolution by establishing firm Communist party control at every level of society. After sixteen uneven years of major progress and serious setbacks, these two concerns still predominate.

Across the country, there are definite signs of industrial expansion. From Harbin in the northeast to Kunming in the southwest, recent visitors have noted new plants under construction and old plants, abandoned during the chaos of the Great Leap Forward, being reactivated. To some extent, this activity bears out the Chinese claim that a "new upsurge in production" is under way; it is interpreted as a prelude to the much delayed Third Five Year Plan, due to start in 1966. But for all the bold slogans, Chinese economic planning now seems cautious and pragmatic. The evidence indicates that there will be no return to the disastrous, mass-line policies of 1958-59—back-yard furnaces and the like—when Peking boasted that China, through the sheer sweat and enthusiasm of its millions, would overtake Britain as an industrial power within fifteen years.

Instead, there is a sober reaffirmation that agriculture, and industries serving agriculture, must have priority over heavy industry. There is a new trend toward specialized factories, and away from the huge, all-purpose plants (often built with Soviet help) that are now admitted to have been inefficient. There is an emphasis on quality, rather than quantity, and workers are praised and rewarded for practicing economy and making technical innovations. In high-level directives, factory managers are told not to be too zealous and not to drive their workers to the point of exhaustion, as often happened during the misnamed Great Leap. Overtime is discouraged, and it is officially stated that workers must have eight hours' sleep and sufficient free spare time. Even political meetings are to be fewer and shorter.

This caution emphasizes the fact that progress is still tentative and the economic base still precarious. After the disastrous years of 1959-62, harvests have been generally good, but with a population that must already exceed 700 million, and is growing by at least 15 million each year, food is still the main problem. This year, China will again import about 6 million tons of wheat and other food grains, with Canada and Australia supplying most of it. This year, too, the Chinese are spending an estimated $120 million to buy up all available world supplies of chemical fertilizer, aside from their heavy purchases of fertilizer factories.

Much of this effort and expense simply enables Chinese food supplies to keep pace with population. There is still too little surplus from the fields to permit rapid industrial expansion. After the grain and fertilizer purchases, there is too little foreign exchange in Chinese coffers to permit heavy spending of capital imports (although repayment this year of the last remaining debts to the Soviet Union has removed a heavy financial burden). While Peking hotels are filled with Japanese and West European traders, and a few major deals have been completed, imports of plant and equipment have been somewhat disappointing this year, compared with the modest boom of 1964.

This cautious approach to economic problems could be abandoned overnight, if the planners in the hierarchy again lose out to the dogmatists, as had happened in 1958. With their revolutionary outlook, Mao Tse-tung and the other leaders must have difficulty resisting psychological and political temptations to launch new mass drives. Especially, they are tempted to crack down on the peasants, and to deny them their private plots, private livestock and the other "small freedoms" that were restored to them after the chaotic early days of the communes. But at present, in both town and countryside, most signs indicate restraint and realism.

The same moderation prevails when Chinese leaders relate their economic problems to foreign policies. When it suits them, the Chinese can make economic sacrifices for political ends—for instance, by giving aid to Asian and African nations. But in talks with foreign visitors, Mao and the other leaders stress one main point: China needs many years of peace to develop its economy, and does not seek a major confrontation with the United States. There seems little reason to doubt their sincerity on this score, particularly in view of Chinese policy statements on Vietnam, which are remarkably defensive in tone. In their own propaganda, the Chinese have acknowledged Washington's warning that this time — unlike Korea — there would be no privileged sanctuary. While the Chinese leaders remain rightly confident that no invading armies could ever conquer their vast country, they can have few illusions about the devastation that American bombers could inflict on their industrial centers, their communications and their nascent nu-

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clear installations. On the eve of new industrial expansion, they show no inclination lightly to risk such destruction.

In the political sector, the Chinese leaders also have major problems and preoccupations. Since these concern the sanctity of their revolution and the future of communism in China, they remain more basic to Peking than even the most cherished foreign goals. After sixteen years of power, Mao and his colleagues fear that their militant and puritanical brand of communism has taken only tentative roots in the vastness of China. The rising generations cause them most concern, since they are too young to have experienced the hardships and iniquities of Kuomintang rule. Too young, also, to have lived through the revolution, they have less sympathy for the revolutionary goals and demands of the aging leadership. Young people wonder (often openly, in letters to newspapers) why they should not be free to concentrate on developing professional skills and improving their living standards, instead of always "placing politics in command." The party demands that they be "Red and expert," with the stress on redness, or loyalty to the party line. In reply, they put forward their own slogan —"to be passable politically, to be very good professionally, and to be comfortable in daily life."

To Mao and the other leaders, this is darkest heresy, and it has been strongly condemned. In recent months, the regime has made a few concessions with respect to daily life in the cities, to keep pace with the general improvement in the supply of food and basic consumer goods. As long as they work hard, and live within their means, people are no longer condemned for wearing slightly stylish clothes, for having permanent waves, or for spending their money on cameras and other status symbols. But while there may also be fewer political meetings, the demand for political orthodoxy has, if anything, been strengthened. In Mao's view, many generations must work hard under stringent discipline to build a China that is both powerful and Communist. Backsliding cannot be tolerated, since it would erode the very foundations of party power. It is this concern—as much as national rivalries—that underlines the vehement dispute with the Soviet Union. The specter of "revisionism" creeping across China haunts Mao in his remaining years. In his few recent talks with Western visitors, the old revolutionary has emphasized this point again and again; with him, it is an obsession.

Hence the all-embracing "Socialist education" movement, which reaches every level of society but is especially directed toward young people and intellectuals. Everyone must read the works of Mao as the

Mao Tse-tung

golden guide to solving every problem, whether it be the breeding of a new strain of rice, the designing of a 12,000-ton hydraulic press, or even the playing of ping-pong. To toughen their minds and bodies, and to banish bourgeois desires, youths, intellectuals, office workers and even party cadres must spend several weeks each year in hard physical labor on the communes or in the factories. Each year, hundreds of thousands of young people must leave the cities permanently, to settle in the countryside; they must do so partly for economic reasons (there are not enough jobs in the cities, and not enough places in the universities and senior middle schools), but partly to serve the same political ends.

When heresies appear, they must be ruthlessly suppressed. There is sweeping criticism of philosophers and historians who show revisionist tendencies, however abstruse. Ideological errors are deliberately built into movies, which are then released as "negative examples." Last winter, the party leaders were disturbed by reports of widespread corruption on the communes; officials and party cadres were alleged to be indulging in embezzlement and profiteering. The result was a major campaign called *si ching*, or four cleanouts, which sent thousands of city dwellers to live on selected communes for eight to ten months, in order to spy out the offenders and do political work among the peasants.

It has been so far little noticed in the West, but Peking is currently devoting great effort to establishing new networks of political control. New political departments have been formed in key industries. On the communes, associations of poor and lower-middle peasants are being set up, to work closely with the party in cracking down on richer peasants and anyone who shows corrupt or capitalist tendencies. Youth organizations are being reorganized and expanded. In a parallel move, the insignia of rank were abolished this past summer in the armed forces (they were introduced only as late as 1954). It is slightly ludicrous to see a "comrade commander" (no longer called general) wearing the same floppy khaki uniform as an ordinary soldier, with the same simple red star on the cap, and red flashes on the collar. But however comic, it is a move of great political importance, clearly designed to strengthen party control in the army, and to prevent the formation of a rival military elite.

As seen from Peking, these economic and political drives dominate the daily life of the nation and preoccupy the leaders. In this perspective, China's foreign policies and revolutionary intrigues — which so greatly excite the attention of the outside world—seem less menacing and even less crucial.

It is true that Chinese officialdom spends great effort on entertaining and wooing potential friends from Asia, Africa and Latin America, whether they be bourgeois nationalists or pro-Peking Communists. On Vietnam, especially, they issue an unceasing effusion of virulent and violent propaganda—for internal as well as external consumption. Chinese newspapers print four to six pages. Each day, at least one page is devoted to news from Vietnam, hailing Communist victories, real or imagined, but making no attempt to hide the extent of the U.S. military build-up. It is the same with radio, television, theatre and the movies. In factories, blackboards and wall posters urge the workers to greater efforts under such slo-

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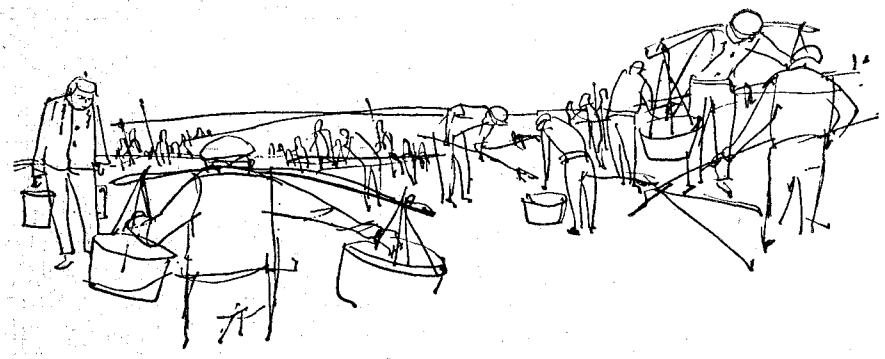

gans as "support the heroic struggle of the Vietnamese people against U.S. aggression." In their public speeches and at receptions for visiting statesmen, Chinese leaders lose no opportunity to stress their support for North Vietnam and the Vietcong.

But all this is clearly within a defensive context. The Chinese have offered to send troops to South Vietnam, if so requested by the National Liberation Front. But the very wording of this threat makes it seem remote, and most diplomats in Peking are convinced that the Chinese would move south only if they felt their own borders endangered — either by an American advance across the 17th Parallel, or by the imminent collapse of the Communist regime in North Vietnam. In the same vein, the Chinese state that they have made all necessary preparations, and that the People's Liberation Army is waiting "in full battle array." Taken out of context, this may sound menacing. In context, it is part of the same defensive posture.

It is obvious that the Chinese have made some military preparations, especially in the southern provinces of Yunnan, Kwangsi and Kwangtung. Outside the army, young people are encouraged to take up "military sports" — swimming, shooting, signaling and mountain climbing. In recent months, millions of young adults have again been swept up in a mass militia movement, and the hard-core units drill for several hours each week—sometimes with modern weapons, more often with ancient rifles and even bamboo spears. Political motives play a big part in these activities since they help to toughen the bodies of the young, and to temper their minds in an atmosphere of militant struggle. Insofar as they have any military significance, it is defensive, and directives to the militia make clear that they must train their charges to back up the regular army in case of invasion, bombings or parachute landings.

It is likely that the Chinese leaders look forward to U.S. air raids on China, with either nuclear or conventional weapons, as a distinct possibility in the near future. (Again, we return to those American policy statements. Read from a Chinese point of view, they seem both aggressive and irrational.) But for all their propaganda on Vietnam, they have made almost no attempt to prepare the civilian population for imminent conflict, and have done nothing that would give Washington an excuse to order pre-emptory strikes. At least in Peking, a few air-raid shelters have been quietly built in recent weeks, but there have been no air-raid drills and no obvious or widespread evacuation of key personnel. Instead, the atmosphere is very much one of business as usual, and the steady influx of visiting delegations, traders and even tourists (from virtually every nation but the United States) adds to the impression of normalcy.

There is, in short, no evidence that China would welcome an immediate confrontation with the United States, and much evidence that China will do everything possible to avoid such a conflict. Yet skeptics may maintain that for the Chinese, such caution is a short-range necessity. The Chinese, in this view, are merely waiting until American vigilance is lulled, until their economy is stronger, and until they have more nuclear weapons and an effective means of delivery. Then the yellow horde will pounce, and the whole of Asia will be imperiled.

There can, of course, be no certainty, but it is possible to make some informed guesses on the basis of Chinese history, Chinese actions in the last sixteen years, the declared intentions of Chinese leaders, and China's economic and military potential.

It seems likely that for several decades Peking will be primarily concerned with internal development, especially with stabilizing agriculture and building an industrial base. As the old leaders die off, the new leaders, lacking their elders' personal hold on the people, will spend much energy consolidating their positions and preserving the Communist party as the source of all political power. To this end, it may be necessary for them to make some concessions in the area of daily life. What Mao fears—Soviet-style revisionism—may slowly overcome the old dogmatic approach.

In foreign policy, China will follow goals that are both nationalist and Communist. The Chinese have made clear that, in their own good time, they will settle scores and recover territory wrested from them by the so-called imperialists — including Taiwan, Hong Kong, Macao, vast tracts of Soviet Asia and possibly Outer Mongolia. This would be the goal of any strong Chinese ruler — even Chiang Kai-shek, were he still in power. Similarly, any Chinese regime would want to re-establish the old Chinese hegemony around its borders, and especially in Southeast Asia. It will be a major Chinese goal to exclude U.S. power and influence from the Asian mainland and the adjoining islands. In the short run, China will work to establish (or maintain in power) friendly (but not necessarily Communist) regimes in Indo-China, Burma, Thailand, Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia and the Philippines. In the longer run, the Chinese will try to extend their influence to India and Japan, at the direct expense of the Western powers and the Soviet Union.

Deeply chauvinistic, the Chinese leaders yearn for the old days when the Middle Kingdom dominated Asia, both by its wealth and power and by the excellence of its civilization. But this does not mean that the Chinese will move with reckless haste — launching invasions or brandishing nuclear weapons. Patience has usually been a mark of their diplomacy, and they can be expected to favor persuasion, subversion and indirect threats. Contrary to both American and Soviet propaganda, the Chi-

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nese have never said that they would welcome a nuclear war. They have no illusions about matching American nuclear might and will probably use their own small arsenal to increase their political influence over their neighbors, rather than as a direct military threat.

Driven on by their messianic faith, the Chinese will continue to seek leadership of the developing world of Asia, Africa and Latin America—again, at the direct expense of both the Western powers and the Soviet Union. At least in the near future, Chinese support for revolutionary movements will continue to be a menace to Western interests. It is possible, however, that a new generation of leaders will be less driven by ideology, and prepared to trim down these global ambitions in order to concentrate on developing Chinese power at home and in the immediate area.

But while their communism may be modified from that of the founders, there is little likelihood that any new leaders would be less sternly nationalistic. China's humiliation at the hands of the Western powers, from the Opium Wars to World War I, is still deeply felt. Foreign residents and foreign visitors to China are almost always greatly disturbed by the sharp chauvinism of the young. While they might welcome revisionism, Chinese youth will be strong nationalists for generations to come.

In all this, there is little consolation for Americans. For reasons both historical and contemporary, hostility toward the United States runs almost as deep as the militant chauvinism — indeed, the two are closely linked. From an American point of view, China will be a difficult nation to live with for many years to come. As long as the United States plays a military role in Asia—to support "free" governments, to stop the spread of communism or, more honestly, simply to defend its great power interests — Washington risks a series of Koreas and Vietnams with the Chinese and their allies.

This may be inevitable: on both sides, the poison runs deep. But little is served by American propaganda that pictures China as the archenemy, bent on ruthless conquest. Such distortions will only prolong and complicate the problems of Taiwan and the Chinese seat in the United Nations — the two essential first steps to overcoming Chinese hostilities and reducing the threat to peace.

Chinese goals and Chinese problems are much more complex, even contradictory, than Americans are led to believe. In this, there may be some hope for the West. But hope will never be fulfilled as long as Washington misunderstands or misinterprets the fact of modern China.

JAMES EASTLAND: CHILD OF SCORN

Robert G. Sherrill

James O. Eastland has, during his twenty-four years in the United States Senate, been called many things. In the delta country that arches along the Mississippi River from Memphis to Vicksburg, he is referred to with real affection by the white folks as "Our Jim." Elsewhere in Mississippi affection diminishes to merely the typical appreciation of the South for standard fare; political hominy grits, tasteless but substantial. Robert Hearin, the affable president of the First National Bank of Jackson, one of the two largest banks in Mississippi, is downright proud to be a friend of Jim Eastland, whom he calls "solid, you know what I mean, really solid."

Washington has reacted to him across a wide spectrum. FDR saw him as just another Dixie pitchman, open to trade. ("That's all right, son," Roosevelt told him after Eastland's first race for the Senate. "I got quite a kick out of those anti-New Deal cracks. But now you're elected and we've got to play together. You can come see me whenever you want to.") Eisenhower feared him and allowed him to handle Republican patronage in Mississippi. Lyndon Johnson's love of power includes that vested in Eastland, with the result that they seem chummier than they really are. ("They're like brothers," says Wilburn Buckley, Eastland's home secretary, with considerable exaggeration.)

But, generally, the descriptions applied to Eastland outside the South reflect a deep bitterness and fear. Even Westbrook Pegler, who stands second to no man as a wacky conservative, attempts to hoot him down as an "illiterate in good standing."

Getting his Senate colleagues to appraise his character publicly is not easy, but the late Herbert H. Lehman, once Senator from New York, damned Eastland as "a symbol of racism"—an estimate with which most Southerners would agree, but with a different intonation. *Time* after one of its mysterious polls, marked him as the "nation's most dangerous demagogue." I. F. Stone offers a briefer sketch: "Mississippi McCarthy."

Intimates of the Senator are quick to press upon inquirers the portrait of him as a devoted homebody who avoids the party circuit in Washington to be able to spend more time with his family and with his real-life detective stories, which he reads at the rate of two a day; as a good planter, a kind planter, who "never whips his niggers and would fire any white worker who did"; as a pillar of the Democratic Party who has helped keep Mississippi from going officially Republican (as if, in the light of the last election, this mattered much). The private image of Eastland as a kindly paternal planter somehow keeps getting gobbled up by his carnivorous public image, however, and despite the best efforts of his friends and family it remains true that none of America's anti-Southern cults has more devotees than the one that directs its hatred at Senator James Eastland. He, more than any other extant politician, seems to symbolize what

Robert G. Sherrill is writing a book about Southern political personalities, to be published by Houghton Mifflin.

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so many Negroes, liberals, laborers, intellectuals, seekers, mystics and mavericks are trying to remove from the world.

Exactly why this should be true is more complex than is the man who inspires such feelings: a rather simple man, really, as simple as Sunflower County, his home and birthplace, where 70 per cent of the population lives and dies in uncomplicated peonage, where violence (e.g., Emmett Till) flows out as naturally as the passage of seasons, and where one can easily stand in the middle of the delta's steaming sameness and honestly believe that the world goes straight out forever, flat all the way and overripe, and made by a God who in His infinite wisdom gave Adam a cotton allotment.

It's hardly enough to say that Eastland is hated because he is an old-school segregationist. Strom Thurmond is shriller and Leander Perez more savage, and yet they are judged to be merely disagreeable curiosities. Is it because he is so effective in his hyper-conservatism? But he isn't very effective: he has never had a fraction of the success or following in Washington that even an ailing Harry Byrd can command today. Although he has few rivals as an accomplished vilifier of the Supreme Court, this separates him from most other deep South politicians only in the matter of decibles.

Eastland does not draw dislike from any specialty; he is adept at irritating in many ways. If he is dangerous, it is only as the embodiment of the Southern middle class at bay. He is, though very wealthy, middle class in every way. Like Miniver Cheevy, James Eastland, child of scorn, loves the days of old but does not know what to do about it. "We are living in an age," he wails, "where everything old is evil. Old values are being swept away and pseudo-sophistries substituted." His emphasis on chivalry is rather odd at times. He seemed less concerned that three persons were slain and more than 300 wounded at the Ole Miss riots than that some of the coeds were reportedly forced to flee their dormitory in their nightgowns. And when dozens of Negroes entered the registration office of Mrs. Martha Turner Lamb in Greenwood, Miss., demanding that their full citizenship be recognized, Eastland was not so much perturbed that a revolution was at hand (although that did annoy him) as he was that a group would "push themselves into the office of any public official, much less the office of a *lady* public official."

However, there is a leak in the quaintness that deflates it to mere dullness. In frequent public statements Eastland has shown his concept of the law and of the Constitution to be that of a recipe book, wherein every problem is indexed and where one need only turn to the right page to find the proper formula. The Constitution speaks but is not to be interpreted—except by some psychic communication with the founding fathers. "I say," says Eastland, "that the fundamental of all fundamentals in our system of government is the premise that the Constitution of our country shall be interpreted strictly in accordance with the understanding of the members of the Constitutional Convention who submitted it and the states which adopted it."

Persons who expect imagination or eloquence from Eastland are always disappointed. Pat Watters, Southern Regional Council writer, heard Eastland at a fund-raising dinner for the Georgia States Rights Council, and described him as "a disappointment, a sing-song speaker who often lost the tune, a stringer-outer of sentence structure, a constructer of swimming syllogisms, a citer of confused Communist-front charges, and in this performance anyhow, a bore." Watters expected too much: Eastland, with his raspy repetitions, is usually a bore. He confuses excess for eloquence—as when he charged that the NAACP is backed by organizations "of all shades of red . . . the blood red of the Communist Party . . . the almost equally red of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S. of A."—and has neither the guttersnipe charm of Theodore Bilbo nor the raging excitement of Richard Russell at his best. Eastland is simply excessively trite.

Carefully lettered on the wall of the Freedom Democratic Party's shanty headquarters in the Negro slum of Indianola, county seat of Sunflower County, is this dogma:

There are rich people
And poor people.
Middle class people
Are the same as
Rich People.
They have more things
Than they need.

That is another clue to Eastland as an object of hate. He stands preeminently for the preservation of a world in which the middle class so outdistances the poor class that even

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to mention a "middle" begs the question. In any real sense there are only two classes: those who have what they need and those who do not.

Although he is not the largest landholder in Sunflower County, Eastland's 5,800-acre plantation, acquired by his grandfather at $1 an acre and now worth between $500 and $700 an acre, makes him a multimillionaire. In addition he has leased a 1,300-acre plantation near Vicksburg for raising specialty cattle, and holds stock in the First National Bank and the Deposit Guarantee of Jackson, the state's two largest and politically most influential banks.

Telephone operators in Sunflower County earn $200 a month, stenographers $200 a month, sales clerks $20 a week and salesmen $50 a week, mechanics $1 an hour, electricians $1.25 an hour, medical technologists $200 a month, bookkeepers $175 a month. (Figures taken from a salary list issued by the Indianola Chamber of Commerce to entice new industry and business.) However, contrary to what a Northerner or Westerner might suppose, these workers—all white, of course; jobs of that type are not open to Negroes—are not the lower middle class. They are, like Eastland, members of the wealthy middle class of Sunflower County. They have something; they have, by comparison with the Negroes who work on Eastland's plantation, more than they need. So when the National White Citizens Council movement was born in Indianola in 1954, a movement that originally was said to be made up of "respectable middle-class" white people, it's no wonder that Eastland was one of the organizers and the chief speaker. In the unreal world of Mississippi, the clerk, the burgher and the planter stand shoulder to shoulder not democratically but in the aristocracy of the full gut.

Of the 46,000 residents of Sunflower County, 68 per cent are Negroes.* Most of these Negroes are in *families* earning less than $1,000 a year, with children 9 and 10 years old working a full day in the fields to bring the family total to even that much. Full-time Negro maids in town are paid $8 a week. Two-thirds of the residents must expect to subsist on federal food handouts at some time during the year.

The rapid increase in the use of cotton-picking machines and weed-killing chemicals has brought unemployment and hunger to Sunflower County. Between 1950 and 1960, Negro farm jobs fell off 48 per cent. The unneeded Negroes are looked upon as a nuisance. "Negroes," said one planter, "went out with the mule." If they are not yet gone, they are going. In the last decade, hunger and despair have driven 22 per cent of them out of the county.

Many of those who remain and who are uppity enough to protest tell of slave conditions. That phrase was used by Andrew Hawkins recently when he testified before two Congressional committees. Hawkins, a Negro cotton picker who is an official with the hardly existing Freedom Labor Union, said that Negro cotton choppers who live on Eastland's plantation earn less than 30c an hour *when* they work, which often is less than two days a week. "Just bunk, all bunk," said Eastland.

Clyde Rutledge, general manager of Eastland's plantation, would not let me on the premises to interview workers, but I took a sneak tour one night, going in by a back road. There are teen-age children in there who have never been to school because they have never had the clothes to wear; there are children 9 years old who work from sunup to sundown. Some of Eastland's workers have never tasted beef. One woman said she had eaten turkey only twice in her life: once when she got a turkey from comedian Dick Gregory, and the other time, back in the mid-1950s, when she bought a turkey on the installment plan. At a tractor driver's shanty the family meal that night had been biscuits, molasses and salt meat. Tractor drivers are among the elite force; for a twelve-hour day they earn $6 and work nearly the year around. At a cotton chopper's home, the menu had been bread and butter beans. Cotton choppers earn only $3 a day and have only a four-month work year.

Meanwhile, at Sunflower County's six Rotary clubs, four Lions clubs, four VFW posts and seven garden clubs the life of service and fun goes on about as usual, conscience clear. For in Washington, speaking their true beliefs and desires, assuring them that what they do is right —that *they* are not to blame for the Negro's condition but the fact that "our natural resources have been exploited by Eastern capital as an outlet for investments to make huge profits from cheap Southern labor" —is the potent voice of Our Jim (who will gross an estimated quarter of a million dollars this year).

Our Jim says: "We have no voting qualifications based on race, none at all, and anybody who's qualified can vote." (NAACP headquarters in Jackson says there are 13,524 Negroes of voting age in Sunflower County and 164 are registered; that's 1.2 per cent.)

*These and other figures that follow are either from Indianola Chamber of Commerce records or from U.S. Census Bureau records, supplied by the Indianola C. of C.

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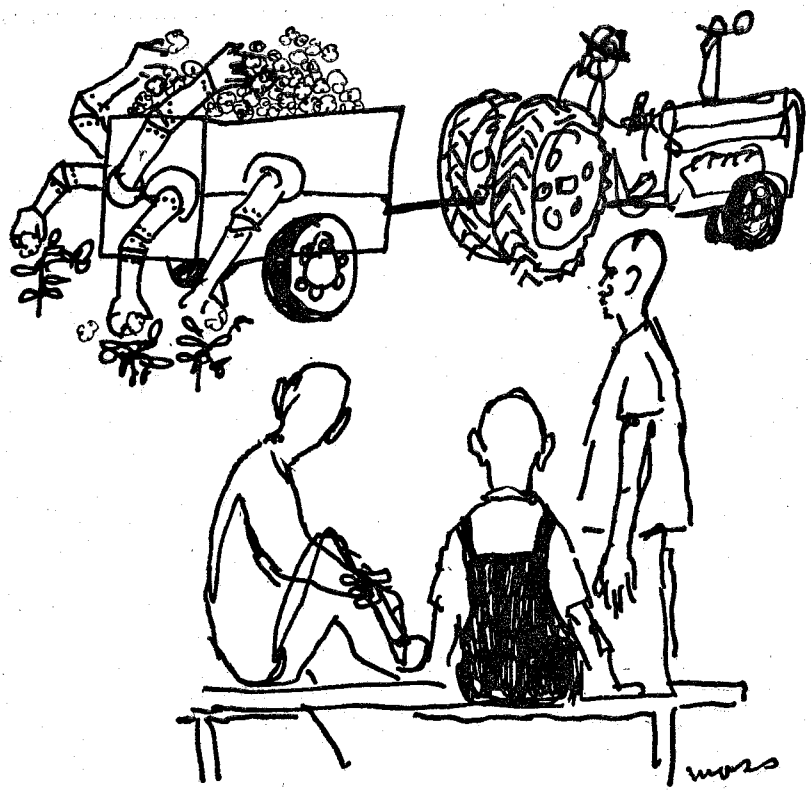

Our Jim says: "I am against any organization which indulges, which promotes, racial and religious prejudice, hatred and bigotry." (He has supported the John Birch Society, the Citizens Council and every major white-supremacy organization that has popped up in the South in the last twenty years.)

Our Jim says: "I have never engaged in a filibuster. Southern Senators have never filibustered but we have conducted campaigns of education." (He has done service in every anti-civil rights filibuster that has taken place in the Senate in the last twenty-four years.)

Our Jim says — or until a few years ago he was still saying it — "there's not a Ku Klux Klan chapter in the state of Mississippi."

These are not lies; they are the true expressions of how one region sees itself, and itself in relation to the rest of the world. Such views, the result partly of individual myopia and partly of regional madness, forestall any outside persuasion, and the nation, seeking dialogue, is thus frustrated to the point of rage and turns easily on Eastland because he tells his Southern myths with such bland sincerity.

On the wall of Eastland's office is a photograph of Mary Ann Mobley, Miss America of 1959, inscribed, "To a great statesman and loyal Mississippian." He *is* a loyal Mississippian, and this loyalty, combined with his hold on the chair of the Senate Judiciary Committee, has given Eastland both the motive and the position to shape, retard and pervert the civil rights movement more than any other man in America. The Judiciary Committee is one of the two or three most important committees in the Senate; some believe it to be *the* most important. It handles not only all civil rights bills but all judicial appointments, including appointments to the Supreme Court, and oversees all appointive jobs in the Department of Justice.

For many people, the theory of committee structure by seniority reached its most indefensible point in 1956, when Eastland became chairman of the Judiciary Committee on the death of Sen. Harley Kilgore, a liberal from West Virginia. The promotion was made on the recommendation of then Democratic Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson. Only two Senators spoke out against the appointment: Wayne Morse of Oregon and Herbert Lehman of New York, who received their reward from the Southern press by being called "two racist demagogues" (Richmond *Times-Dispatch*) and "leftwing pinkos" (Jackson, Miss., *Daily News*). Other Senators who might have been expected to gag at the promotion took the position that they were made helpless by the seniority system.

But the next year, when Majority Leader Johnson laid his committee slates before the Senate, with Eastland again tabbed for the Judiciary chairmanship, Paul Douglas of Illinois was finally moved to point out that the Senate and Johnson were not helpless, as they pretended, because they did not follow the seniority system when it pleased the inner Establishment to ignore it. Although Sen. Estes Kefauver of Tennessee (usually on the outs with the Establishment) had four years' seniority over Sen. John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts, Kennedy had been named in his stead to a coveted seat on the Foreign Relations Committee.

Some observers were well pleased by the Eastland appointment. Fulton Lewis, Jr., remarked that "Kilgore was a constant critic of big business and sought unremittingly to prod the government into more antitrust bills. Eastland is not likely to react the same way." (Eastland has indeed not reacted the same way. Not once has he initiated an antitrust investigation; and when four steel companies refused to surrender cost data subpoenaed by Senator Kefauver, Eastland told them, "I don't blame you at all.")

For his part, Eastland appeared not to understand what all the quarreling was about. "Of course I'll be an impartial chairman of the Judiciary Committee," he said publicly, "and carry out my duties to the best of my abilities"; privately, he gave his word of honor to two delegates from the NAACP that he would do nothing to block the progress of civil rights bills to the floor.

The New York Times credits the Eastland influence in the Judiciary Committee and its Civil Rights Subcommittee, of which he was chairman before advancing to chairmanship of the full committee, with bottling up 122 civil rights bills.

Later Eastland held up appointments within the Justice Department, attempting to evoke the promise that federal troops would not be used to enforce civil rights laws in the South. During this period he would brag in speeches around Mississippi of how "in time there was so much pressure built up from

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various members of the committee who wanted to get their nominees approved, I was able to get the Judiciary Committee to approve or reject bills and to name judges I wanted." As a matter of course since he became chairman, Negro nominees to the bench have been kept waiting nine months to a year for confirmation, and Jewish nominees have frequently had to wait just as long.

Eastland was correct when he boasted of his bargaining power. Thurgood Marshall, counsel for the NAACP and a Negro, was nominated Sept. 26, 1961, to the Second Circuit Court of Appeals. One year later, less two weeks, he received confirmation by Eastland's committee. There had been a purpose to the delay, as Attorney General Robert Kennedy is said to have discovered one day when, meeting Eastland in the corridor, he was accosted with this quasi-threat: "Tell your brother that if he will give me Harold Cox I will give him the nigger" (meaning Marshall, now Solicitor General).

Marshall thereupon ascended the Second Circuit bench and Cox, Eastland's old college roommate and protégé, became a federal judge in the circuit that handles most of the deep South's civil rights cases. Cox's tenure there has been distinguished by such acts as calling some Negro civil rights defendants "chimpanzees," protesting by letter to the Justice Department about its "lousy" civil rights cases, threatening on one occasion to jail U.S. Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach for contempt, and throwing out indictments against seventeen men charged with the murder of three young rights workers near Philadelphia, Miss. — a triple murder which Eastland, by the way, persisted in calling a "hoax" until the bodies were actually dug out of the mud.

The cumulative effect of this kind of delay and barter within the Judiciary Committee is such that for some time Eastland has been considered no joking matter. One can scarcely raise a smile now by recalling the days when Eastland's Internal Security Subcommittee voiced grave concern because the Young Pioneers were circulating leaflets advocating "Smash the Boy Scouts!" Gone, too, is the time when no Washington cocktail party was considered complete unless somebody came up with the quip that the two southernmost parts of the United States are Key West and James O. Eastland.

Grimness has set in. It is understandable—since so many bombings, burnings and assaults have occurred contrapuntally to Eastland's propaganda litanies in the Senate—but it is also unfortunate, for some of the finest off-Broadway farces have been played in Eastland's committees.

If all the column inches Eastland has put into the *Congressional Record* in connection with that shapeless social nebula which he calls communism were placed end to end, "they might stretch," as one Washington wit calculated, "from here to sanity." In pursuit of what he conceives to be his duty, Eastland has filled the *Record* with a riot of accidental humor. Describing one civil rights meeting in Atlanta recently, Eastland concluded, with an air of intrigue uncovered, "It is perhaps significant that almost one-third of those present at this conference wore beards."

Deeply shaken by what he called the "invasion" of Mississippi by the National Lawyers Guild to help participate in the 1964 summer project of voter registration, Eastland set out to show the world just what sort of spies and subversives his state was having to deal with. He gave Henry W. McGee, Jr., of Chicago as an example. "When he was 14 years old," Eastland told a no doubt puzzled Senate, "Henry W. McGee, Jr., was reportedly a member of the International Workers Order, Lodge No. 751 at Chicago." That membership was eighteen years ago, and apparently Eastland realized that it did not strike his colleagues as something to get terribly upset about, so he threw in a few things that Henry McGee, *Sr.*, had done that displeased him.

John Tillotson, another invader, was guilty in Eastland's eyes because at the University of Minnesota he had led a student protest against atmospheric nuclear testing. On several occasions he had stated his opinion that "nuclear war won't solve anything" and had even written rather sharply about the campus ROTC. These revelations failing to arouse the Senate to much alarm, Eastland again ended lamely with, "there is more which could be said about young Tillotson if security reasons did not prevent it. He is an outstanding example of a second-generation Communist-in-prospect. In fact, he might even be called third generation. His father was a Communist; his mother was a Communist; his grandmother was a Communist. . . ."

Eastland followed up with other examples of his politico-Mendelian discovery.

Persons who have been called unwillingly to appear before Eastland's Internal Security Subcommittee will quickly point out, however, that such entertaining boobishness *is* accidental and incidental to the injury of reputations which takes place there. Although witnesses regularly complain of his bullying tactics, the Senator insists that he conducts his committee business in a fair and untroubled manner. A friend of Eastland who has sat in on numerous executive sessions of the Internal Security Subcommittee said, "I never saw Jim really mad except once, and that was when a nigger referred to him as 'ol' Eastland.' I've heard others call him just Eastland, and he didn't seem to mind that, but this was the first time he'd ever been called 'ol' Eastland,' and he got so mad he got red in the face and his gray eyes got cold, and I thought he was going to knock that nigger out of his chair. Jim was so mad he was grinding his teeth. Nobody but a Communist nigger would have called Jim 'ol' Eastland.'"

Eastland believes that any witness should be allowed to have an attorney, but he also feels that attorneys willing to defend Communists, former Communists or suspected Communists — even if his suspicions are the only ones aroused — must be prepared to share the obloquy of their clients. The records of his committee's hearings are full of instances when he has called an attorney a Communist for no reason than that he represented an unpopular cause or a "suspect."

Nor is it possible to clear oneself with Eastland if he is convinced that his suspicions are correct. The best example of this is the case of James Dombrowski, who has probably been subjected to more brutal unfairness over a longer period of time than any other integrationist on the Senator's list. Dombrowski has been a marked man among Con-

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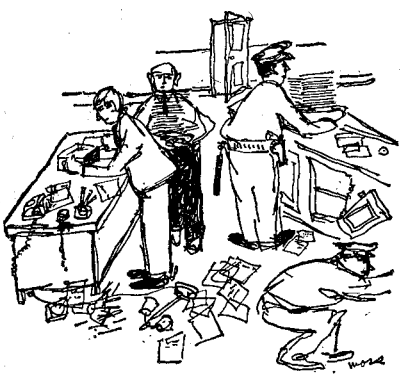
gressional investigators from as far back as the early 1940s when he was executive director of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare. The SCHW was suspect: it stood for integrating the races. It gave awards to dubious people like Governor Ellis Arnall of Georgia, now a wealthy corporation attorney; on its advisory board were people like the late folklorist, J. Frank Dobie, who was noted for being about as subversive as a cactus. Later Dombrowski became executive director of the Southern Conference Education Fund (SCEF), an organization whose openly announced and overriding aim was to put an end to segregation in the South.

Dombrowski has sworn under oath before the Internal Security Subcommittee that he is not now and has never been a Communist. He did so in 1953 and Eastland made no attempt to prosecute him for perjury, so by normal rules this should have meant that thereafter Eastland would treat him as though he believed him. But it wasn't enough.

For two decades Congressional



investigators had been itching to get their hands on the SCEF's files. Two years ago, Eastland figured out a way to do it, with the cooperation of the New Orleans police and of the hoked-up Louisiana Joint Legislative Un-American Activities Committee.*

Early in October, 1963, the New Orleans cops, with several legislators trudging at their heels, marched into the SCEF's headquarters and started tearing the place apart, literally. They also invaded the homes of former Orleans Parish Assistant District Attorney Benjamin E. Smith, the SCEF treasurer, and Bruce Waltzer, Smith's law partner. The legislative committee's counsel explained that they did not give the FBI advance notice of the raids because they were afraid the FBI might have had to tell Attorney General Kennedy who, in turn, would have tipped off the Rev. Martin Luther King, who would have warned Dombrowski.

When the raids were over, the two attorneys and Dombrowski had been charged with criminal conspiracy (a charge later thrown out by a state judge) and while they were running around trying to get out of that accusation, the twenty-year collection of extremely important data was being carted off from the SCEF. The state legislative committee released the records to Eastland within twenty-four hours of their removal.

Months later, Eastland returned the records, but only after every piece had been photographed. Since then he has been reading into the *Congressional Record* portions of private letters to and from Dombrowski. Dombrowski has asked the courts to stop Eastland from publicizing the material, but a hearing on this has not yet been held. Meanwhile, Dombrowski attempts to sort out the material that was returned to him: it was mishandled, messed up, some appears to be missing.

Protected as he is by the ponderous fortifications of the Washington Establishment, Eastland is not an easy man to beat; but from time to time the inner vein of excess that has mucked up his whole career breaks out again and he defeats himself. That happened in his now-famous effort of 1956 to bully *The New York Times* which had, he felt, been unkind to him.

Under the guise of seeking out Communist influences everywhere in the American press, Eastland set out specifically to get the *Times*. He has always denied that the paper was a special target, but figures make the denial silly: twenty-nine of the thirty-five witnesses called to executive sessions of the committee, and fourteen of the eighteen witnesses called to public sessions were past or present members of the *Times* staff; in the latter group,

a fifteenth witness was the brother of a present employee of the *Times*.

Among those summoned by Jules Sourwine, counsel for the Internal Security Subcommittee, was one Robert Shelton. Correction: *He* was not summoned. Another Shelton's name was on the subpoena, but Robert Shelton was the newsman the committee's subpoena server insisted on hauling in. It was a clumsy, needless mistake, as Eastland was to learn, but at the moment he didn't seem to care: one Shelton was as good as another for his purpose, which was to blacken the name of the *Times*, and since Robert Shelton was an employee of the *Times*, he would do.

But Robert Shelton refused to cooperate. When the grilling began, he read into the record this statement:

> *I am involved in these hearings as a victim of accident. The subpoena first served to me was originally made out in the name of a person who does not work on my paper. A committee aide, when told that there was no such person on the* Times, *insisted on knowing if there was anyone with a similar name employed there. There were a few, but the only one that interested your man was the sole similar name in the news department, mine. At the executive hearings the committee counsel tried without success to link me with a certain New York newspaper. He was unable to establish any connection because I never worked for the paper under discussion. Yet I have been called back here today. It appears to be just another step in a campaign to discredit the paper for which I work.*

Too bad, said Eastland, but he would nevertheless have to answer the questions.

"I won't answer because I am a

*This fascinating organization recently investigated, and cleared, the Ku Klux Klan, finding it to be only a "political action group" with "a certain Halloween spirit."

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victim of accident," Shelton insisted.

Thereupon he was charged with contempt of Congress. Although by the time the thing got to court Eastland and Sourwine knew they were in the wrong, they attempted to bluff it out. Sourwine claimed that Robert Shelton was exactly the man they wanted and that they had subpoenaed him on the basis of information supplied in an informer's letter. Shelton's attorney, Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., took the position that Sourwine was not telling the truth and by the time the case came up on appeal the informer's letter could not be found. Eastland fared even worse. Seventy-seven times he answered Rauh with either, "I don't know," or "I don't recall" or "I don't remember."

The *New York Times* investigation was unquestionably among the most notorious held by Eastland, but he testified in the Shelton appeal that he could not remember any details of the hearings.

Rauh questioned: "You can't remember one detail, can you, Senator?"

Eastland: "No, sir, I certainly can't."

Were the hearings even legal? Eastland insisted that he had had the authorization of the subcommittee for holding them, but he could not remember when the subcommittee was called together to give the authority, or where it met, or who was there or what was said. He could not remember Shelton, or who issued the subpoenas for him and the other witnesses, or whether a record was kept of the meeting or how many witnesses were called. He could not remember any of the testimony, he could not remember any legislation that was pending at the end of the hearings. He did not know Sourwine was supposed to have a letter regarding Shelton, nor did he know what disposition Sourwine had made of it.

But none of his lapses of memory strains credibility more severely than Eastland's forgetfulness of the John T. Watkins case. Four years before the Shelton appeal, Eastland had taken the floor of the Senate to introduce five bills, recommended by the American Bar Association, to "correct certain decisions of the Supreme Court which have weakened our internal security." Ticking off the five, he said that of all the subversive decisions, none was so bad as that of the Watkins case, in which the court held that the House Un-American Activities Committee had to show relevance of questions about a person's associations. The decision infuriated Eastland: "In the Watkins case the Supreme Court abrogated the right to judge a man by the company he keeps. The Supreme Court has in effect created a new 'First Amendment right,' which it has designated the 'right of freedom of association,' and has held in effect that a man's associations with Communists are his own personal business, and that he cannot even be asked about such associations without invading his right of privacy."

He had reason to be furious, for just the previous year the Watkins precedent had been used by the Supreme Court to slap him down. Back in 1955, when the Eastland committee was pumping Matusow for all those commie pipe dreams he later recanted, Harry Sacher, a New York attorney, was called to testify. The committee (only two members were present) started off slyly asking Sacher about Matusow, but then switched — the Supreme Court later referred to it sarcastically as a "brief excursion"—to asking him questions about what he thought of proposed legislation barring Communist attorneys from practicing, and then sneaked in three questions about the possibility of his being a member of the Communist Party, past or present.

But Eastland was trying to weasel around with the wrong man. In his way, Sacher was tough. As an attorney for the eleven Communists tried before Judge Harold R. Medina in 1949, Sacher had so bedeviled the judge that he spent six months in jail for contempt. That had removed none of his scrappiness, and when Eastland started prying into his political affiliations, Sacher told him to go to hell.

Eastland cited him for contempt. Sacher went to the Supreme Court, and the case bounced back to the court of appeals with the advice that this conviction be reviewed in the light of the recent decision in the Watkins case. The appeals court ignored the advice, reaffirming the conviction. But by a 6-to-2 decision, the Supreme Court overturned the lower court in 1958 and freed Sacher, with Eastland screaming in the background about "an unconscionable restriction on the legislative power."

Such was the unhappy effect that the Watkins case had had on Eastland's career prior to his taking the stand to be questioned by Rauh:

Q. *Do you recall ever having listed the Watkins case, among others, as being pro-Communist?*

Eastland: *I* think *so. I think I listed a number of cases as being pro-Communist, but when it was and what was in what I said at the time, the* Congressional Record *speaks for itself.* I don't recall.

Q. *But now to ask it more generally, Senator, you do agree with me that you have called the Watkins case decision pro-Communist?*

Eastland: *I say I could have, yes.* I think so.

Q. *All right. Now the Watkins case was decided in June, 1957. My question is very simple. Were you following the principles of that case back on January 6, 1956?*

Eastland: *I don't remember at this time what the Watkins case held.*

But Rauh became nettled and pushed on harshly:

Q. *Senator, in your entire—you just referred to the fact that you tried to be fair to all the witnesses that come before your committee?*

Eastland: *Yes, sir, we have tried very hard to be fair with all the witnesses.*

Q. *Can you name a single witness who has ever said he didn't remember as often as you have said it this afternoon?*

Eastland: *Well, I don't know, but there are very few men in this country, except a judge, that hears as many witnesses as I hear.*

Q. *I asked you a simple question.*

Eastland: *Well, I know. I caught the implication in your question.*

Q. *I was asking you if you could name one witness before your committee that ever said, I don't remember, I don't recall, I don't know, as often as you said it.*

Eastland: *I can't answer that question. I don't know. . . . I just tell you I don't remember anything about it. This was eight years ago.*

Q. *Senator, do you have any idea how many years back your subcommittee goes in asking witnesses about things?*

Eastland: *Well, we try to get what they remember, of course, what the facts are.*

Q. *How far back do you go?*

Eastland: *Well, that depends on the case. . . .*

Q. *Have you ever, at your hearings, ever counted up the number of times a witness has said, I don't*

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remember, and used it as a question of his credibility, Senator?

Eastland: *No, sir.*

Just as his old friend and mentor Joe McCarthy was never so cocky again after his encounter with Welch, the public character of Eastland has noticeably limped ever since its encounter with Rauh. Too many people in Washington could answer the questions Eastland suddenly could not answer; too many could remember the brutal overhauling witnesses had received in his committee when they could not dredge up transient events from the depths of twenty or thirty years. Spread across the nation in a million reprints is Eastland's messy little innuendo regarding Chief Justice Earl Warren's failure to remember random reports issued six years earlier by a California legislative committee, when Warren was California's Governor. "Certainly," Eastland told other Senators with a knowing look, "certainly Judge Warren cannot claim unfamiliarity with his own state official reports on such an important subject."

After the Rauh cross-examination, Washington was no longer quite so willing to accept Eastland's basic premise that forgetfulness is a symptom of treachery.

Considering their impact upon our times, it is ironic that Mississippi's two most notorious living sons are political successes by accident. Of the two, Ross Barnett is more of an accident than Eastland, but Eastland is an accident, too. If the insurrection at Ole Miss had not occurred during his first term of office, Barnett would be just another gray face in the fog of Mississippi's political past. As it is, he is the most popular politician in the state today and the governor's office is his again whenever he wants it. Barnett was a gauche executive (except for his ability to attract new industry) whose political prestige had been badly mauled when Meredith's ambitions, plus his own unfortunate dealings with Attorney General Kennedy, made him what Hodding Carter called "the dominant political figure in Mississippi as long as he lives."

Nothing so dramatic established Eastland. He started out as a second-choice interim appointee. Governor Paul B. Johnson, Sr., father of the present Governor of Mississippi, had hoped to name Eastland's father to fill the vacancy brought about by the death of Sen. Pat Harrison. But Woods Eastland, a power in Mississippi politics, didn't want it, so the largess was passed on to his son. Up to that moment, Jim Eastland's earlier political star seemed to have burned out. Ten years before, he had won state-wide attention as a member of the Mississippi legislature. He and two other legislators, Courtney Pace (now Eastland's administrative assistant) and the late Kelly J. Hammond, became known as the fighting Little Three; they tried to push through the rather progressive program of Governor Theodore Bilbo, but were frustrated by the reactionary Big Four, including Walter Sillers, who has been in the Mississippi legislature since 1916 and who for the past twenty years has been Speaker of the Mississippi House.

Eastland strictly followed Bilbo's lead; Bilbo made him. Still, he gets full marks for backing what he did: money for highways (there was scarcely a paved road in Mississippi at the time), free textbooks, money for TB hospitals, etc. But all that was a decade past and Eastland, retiring from the legislature when Bilbo left the mansion, had settled into dabbling in law, luxuriating in the family wealth, living the typical life of a spoiled planter's son, and doing little about politics. Taciturn, unimaginative, ineloquent and humorless, Eastland—United States Senator by appointment — arrived in Washington amid few predictions that he would stay long, or make an impression while he was there.

But Washington did something that Eastland could attack, and from the attack he drew strength. This was 1941, edge of wartime, and the Office of Price Administration put a price ceiling on cottonseed oil just as Eastland arrived in the capital. There were few topics that Eastland was competent to speak on, as even his friends admit retrospectively, but one of them was agriculture, especially cotton. The OPA regulation would have cut the cotton farmers' profit in half; it would have reduced his own family's income by many thousands of dollars. It was enough to make Eastland — who customarily cannot rise above a low C in rhetoric — sound drivingly persuasive. The regulation was killed. And immediately Eastland was a hero with many of the home folks. He had slain a regulatory giant, or at least cut off a finger.

Eastland had been appointed for eighty-eight days, until a special election could be held, on the promise that he would not be a candidate. He kept his promise on that occasion, but the 3,500 letters that had come to his office praising his work in the cottonseed-oil fight pointed to a following that he did not want to waste, and the next year he came out as a candidate against Sen. Wall Doxey. It was a tough fight, with Bilbo taking the stump to denounce his one-time protégé, but Cottonseed Jim, whose principal tactic consisted of attacking President Roosevelt, won by 16,000 votes.

If Eastland had grown up in the county of his birth, it is doubtful that he could have made the political grade. But his father moved from Sunflower County to Scott County and there Jim was raised, not returning to the delta to live until his mid-20s. The significance of this is that the delta is traditionally the home of the Mississippi aristocrats, the wealthy planters. But the voting power lies to the south and the east, where the rednecks live. The only resident of the delta who has ever been elected governor of Mississippi, for example, was Fielding Wright, and he made it only because he was first automatically boosted to the position from lieutenant governor on the death of Governor Thomas Bailey. The impoverished rednecks do not normally trust delta moneyed men. Eastland has the best of both worlds: born among the rich and reared among rednecks, he carries both blocs.

For the first ten years after he defeated Senator Doxey, Eastland was nobody in Washington. He was only one more Southern vote, which went predictably for low tariff, against labor, for the administration's foreign policy, and against social reform. Inarticulate, inconspicuous, with few noticeable interests outside agriculture, Eastland represented his mostly impoverished constitutents in such a style that one of his Senate colleagues of that day now recalls: "To make Jim believable, I had to

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keep reminding myself that his grandfather actually rode with General Bedford Forrest. Jim didn't seem to be much. In fact, if you looked at him very long, he would begin to disappear, like the Cheshire cat."

The Eastland that the world was later to know and that civil rights workers were to hate began to emerge in the early 1950s, clutching with quiet desperation at the coattails of Sen. Joseph McCarthy. As chairman of the Internal Security Subcommittee, Eastland's goal was the same as McCarthy's and it was from McCarthy that he learned the headline profit to be had from attacking the Supreme Court. Subcommittee records of those days reveal cooperative exchanges such as this between the two men:

> Eastland: *The court seems to be issuing one pro-Communist decision after another.*
>
> McCarthy: *You're so right.*
>
> Eastland: *What explanation is there except that some Communist influence is working within the court?*
>
> McCarthy: *Either incompetence or the influence you mention.*

On the death of McCarthy in 1957, Eastland became the nation's number-one patriot, his only rival being William Jenner, who was to retire the next year. Having learned so much from his fallen comrade he could be expected to eulogize McCarthy as needing no "vindication and no justification before the bar of ultimate justice and the throne of his God. His heart was pure; his purpose was noble."

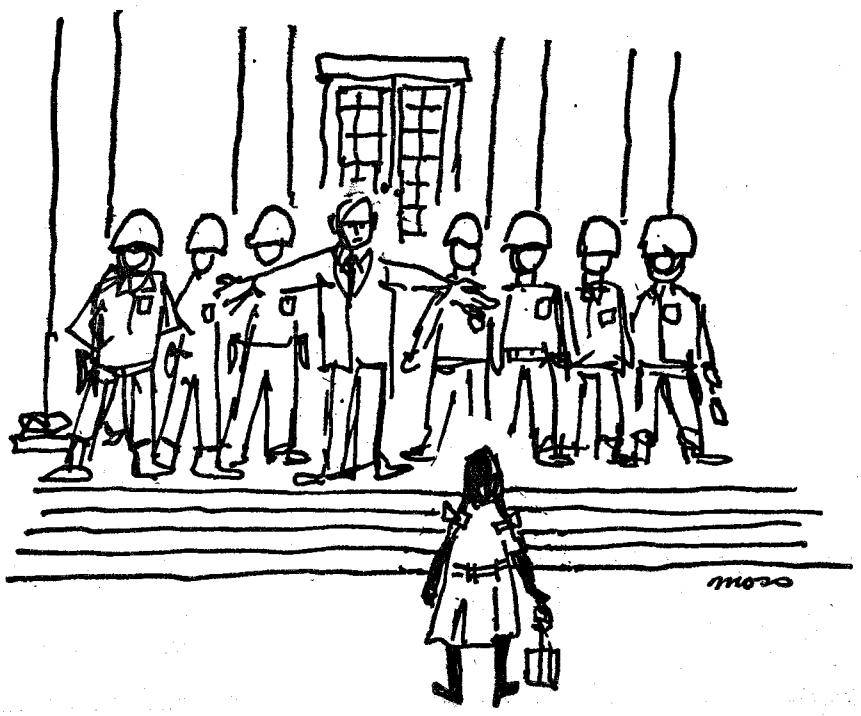
Equally pure of heart, Eastland was the Senate watchdog to protect individual licenses. His was the loudest voice raised in the Senate against the federal marshals' treatment of townspeople in Clinton, Tenn. When local thugs attempted to block integration despite a court injunction prohibiting force, marshals threw them in irons. Eastland saw this as unnecessarily harsh treatment for contempt, but when other Senators entreated him to read into the record an explanation from the marshals for using irons, he refused to do so, saying he would stand on the description of the incident supplied by the attorney for the arrested fifteen men —"a very able, very responsible, very respectable, and one of the ablest trial lawyers in the United States." The attorney so applauded was Ross Barnett, representing the Clinton defendants at his own expense.

That wasn't Eastland's only statement on Clinton. When the county attorney went to the Clinton high school and explained to the students that the court's injunction applied to them, too; that it meant the court would no longer tolerate "throwing of ink on books, books belonging to the state of Tennessee, the messing up of lockers, the threatening notes to teachers, the filthy language to fellow students, the pushing and shoving of other students [Negroes]," and that they could no longer gather in gangs and beat Negroes going to and from school, Eastland wailed: "These children have been told by responsible authority that they had no freedom of speech, they had no freedom of assembly . . . and that their minor peccadilloes and misconduct" would be punished. "Neither Hitler nor Stalin was ever guilty of more ruthless thought control."

In the field of civil rights, Eastland has preached resistance to law — sometimes in the form of individual defiance, sometimes in the form of legal contempt, sometimes as legislative interposition or nullification—but not hypocritically, for he has preached it as much in Washington as in Sunflower County.

His counsel was especially inflammatory in the periods leading up to two of the worst outbreaks of racial violence—at Little Rock and later at the University of Mississippi. Much has been written, quite justifiably, about the influence of Georgia king maker Roy Harris and Georgia Governor Marvin Griffin on Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus in inciting him to change his mind (he had been preparing for peaceful integration at Little Rock) and resist the federal government. Strangely, however, little credit has been given to Eastland for his effect on Faubus. Inasmuch as Eastland's advice came from next door, not three states away, it was probably even more effective than that of Harris or Griffin.

To hear Eastland talk—as he did talk to organizations all over the South — about "weak-kneed politicians in the border states," the segregation battle in the South depended solely on Faubus' standing firm. "If the Southern states are picked off one by one under the damnable doctrine of gradualism," he told the American Legion at Tupelo, shaking his head like a distress lantern, "I don't know if we can hold out or not." Oh, it sure made him depressed to even think of Faubus who, he predicted, "will not take action and, as a result, racial integration has already started." Apprised of Eastland's comments, Faubus of course said he was not a weak-kneed politician and he would, too, take action.



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When Eastland first "took up" international affairs, he followed a path already beaten by other Senators from the deep South—straight to Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo. Eastland became one of the Senate's most outspoken defenders of the Dominican Republic. On a goodwill tour of that country, Eastland and Jenner were invited to speak to the legislature. They competed to see who could praise more richly. Jenner said that because the generalissimo had refused to "drift with the tide," he had turned the Dominican Republic into an "island paradise." But Eastland easily won the contest of praise. "Your generalissimo," he told a legislature that for thirty years had been too terrified to act as anything but Trujillo's rubber stamp, "is one of the great men of the free world. With him leading your government, this leader of all Latin America—you lead for freedom; you lead for honor; you lead for religion; and thank God you lead for common sense."

Later on, when he began to feel that he really knew something about foreign affairs, Eastland would warn the Senate against admitting Hawaii to the Union because "the economy of Hawaii is Communist-controlled." Furthermore, he said, the commies had taken over the Hawaiian legislature. When other Senators pointed out that the FBI had made a detailed study of possible Communist infiltration into Hawaii and had found that there was a maximum of between forty and sixty Communists out of a population of 635,000, Eastland retorted: "What is there in numbers? We have seen, all over the world, a small minority of Communists taking over one country after another." (Just as, one might have added, a small minority of the electorate sends him to the Senate each six years.)

By this time, such was the reputation throughout the country of Mississippi's Senator, that when Meade Alcorn, Republican national chairman, and Paul M. Butler, Democratic chairman, agreed in 1958 to wage a fair campaign and avoid using vilifications and scurrilous attacks, they could not come to terms on whether mention of Eastland and Faubus as Democrats fell within that definition. Alcorn said he thought it wasn't exactly vilification to remind the public that Eastland wore the Democratic label, but Butler protested that it was hitting below the belt.

By this time, too, Eastland was well established in the public's mind as the man who, in the words of a *Christian Century* editorial writer, "has done more to defy and bring into contempt the highest court in our land than any other man. . . ."

While "more than any other man" is quite a condemnation (or tribute, in Mississippi), Eastland probably deserves it. He has from time to time accused the Supreme Court of treason, of being directed by a Communistic philosophy, of advocating adultery and sodomy and miscegenation, and of being "the greatest single threat to our Constitution":

> *The one area where there seems to be some predictability with respect to the Warren Court action is where cases involve the interests of the world Communist Party and its arm in this country . . . when delay is necessary to help the Communist cause, the Court delays. . . . [The Court] is moving step by step, paragraph by paragraph, decision by decision, toward establishment of the Communist conspiracy in the U. S. as a legal entity . . . when misstatement would help the cause, the Court has misstated.*

It is likely that Eastland would have turned out to be much the same person he is today, McCarthy or no McCarthy. Acting independently, he proved his own mettle in the election of 1954, the only real challenge — and it was not great—he has had since he beat Doxey.

It came from Lt. Gov. Carroll Gartin, a kind of moderate. Tired of his largely nondescript life in the Senate, Eastland had said he wasn't going to run in 1953. By the time he changed his mind, a lot of people had got behind Gartin. The lieutenant governor would not have been there to get behind if he hadn't been snookered into running by James Coleman, later governor and now fifth circuit court judge, who wanted Gartin out of the way. Coleman got Governor Hugh White to run a survey on Gartin's strength, and it showed—thanks to some interpretation by Coleman—that Gartin would carry three-fourths of Mississippi's eighty-two counties.

"Nobody," said one of Eastland's aides the other day, laughing at the memory, "nobody but a goose would have believed the survey. I could have named thirty counties that would have voted for Eastland if his name was just on the ballot, no matter what kind of campaign he ran."

Eastland won all but twelve counties, and he lost three of those by fewer than 100 votes. It was a good test of Eastland's popularity. In Ruleville, which he sometimes calls home, he lost only two votes out of 500, and as one Eastland *aficionado* pointed out with justification, "it's pretty hard not to make at least a dozen enemies in a town like this."

Popularity is perhaps not exactly the right word for it. Eastland may sometimes arouse a tenuous identification with the masses, but he is no "popular" campaigner in the manner of Eugene Talmadge or James Folsom or, going back to his own state, Theodore Bilbo. He has no flair, but only the sureness of a native son in voicing the meanness the rednecks feel.

In the 1954 campaign Eastland took his place just below Vardaman and Barnett as a true-blue demagogue but, then, the times were made for him. His campaign opened only a few days after the Supreme Court handed down its school-desegregating decision in the Brown case — "Black Monday" in Mississippi.

At once he was inciting defiance. "I know that Southern people, by and large, will neither recognize, abide by nor comply with this decision," he said. "We are expected to remain docile while the pure blood of the South is mongrelized by the barter of our heritage by Northern politicians in order to secure political favors from Red mongrels in the slums of the East and Middle West."

Again and again he repeated the boast first made at his old home town of Forest, his face filling with blood as he leaned across the rostrum and rasped out an account of his negative powers:

> *After 1950 they* [that is, the civil rights measures] *were blocked in the civil rights committee. Do you know why? Because of seniority I was maneuvered into chairmanship of the civil rights subcommittee. Yes . . . Eastland of Mississippi* [tapping his chest] *. . . became boss of the committee that had all of*

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the civil rights bills! And they said I broke the law and so I did! You know the law says the committee has got to meet once a week. Why, for the three years I was chairman, that committee didn't hold a meeting. I didn't permit them to meet. I had to protect the interest of the people of Mississippi. I had special pockets put in my pants and for three years I carried those bills around in my pockets everywhere I went and every one of them was defeated!

Today his aide Buckley, who was formerly Sen. Pat Harrison's aide, feels that history of that sort should be edited and revised.

"That talk of a pocket for the civil rights bills was just campaign talk," says Buckley. "He used to say, 'I'm going to get my wife to make a larger pocket. I'm going to have her sew 'em up in there.' That was just campaign talk. Confidentially, we *did* play on race in '54.

"Course, Eastland was nothing like Vardaman, who used to talk about God's making niggers from an ape's skull, and a frog for the nose, and a skunk for the armpit, and the ashes of hell for color. But anyway, what a man says in a campaign is one thing, what he does up there in Washington is another."

Buckley's argument would be more convincing if Eastland had not filled the Washington air during the closing years of the war—when he was not running for office and therefore not being called on for any special theatrics—with statements about the Negro's physical, moral and mental inferiority.

Speaking of the Negro soldier, he had said: "He has disgraced the flag of his country. He will not fight. He will not work. Yet we give him preference. We discriminate against the white soldier in order to get some Negro votes."

This was not just talk to please the home folks. Buckley says that Eastland advised General Dwight Eisenhower privately to put Negro soldiers in work battalions, not on the front lines, because they couldn't be trusted, "and Eisenhower did, though he denies it now."

His contempt for the Negro cannot be blamed on war-torn nerves. Two years after the war he was still saying, "The mental level of those people [*that is, Negroes*] renders them incapable of suffrage."

Nor was Eastland's advice to flout the Supreme Court's decision "just campaign talk," as Buckley insists. In 1955, a year after he had been re-elected, Eastland was still advising the Mississippi White Citizens Councils, and the South Carolina Association of Citizens Councils, and the Patriots of North Carolina, and many nameless groups across the South: "Southern people will not be violating the Constitution or the law when they defy this monstrous decision. They will be defying those who would destroy our system of government. You are not required to obey any court which passes out such a ruling.

"In fact you are obligated to defy it. The law is what the people make it and a ruling is no more than public sentiment makes it."

And in his most famous speech before the Senate—a speech that has been reprinted and, according to workers in Eastland's office, put into more than a million hands—Eastland said:

The question is asked, will the South obey this decision of the Supreme Court [the Brown decision]? *Who is obligated morally or legally to obey a decision whose authorities rest not upon the law but upon the writings and teachings of pro-Communist agitators and people who have a long record of affiliations with anti-American causes and with agitators who are part and parcel of the Communist conspiracy to destroy our country?*

The favorite son of Sunflower County will be running again in 1966. There are politicians in Mississippi who could give him trouble. He has a wide following but does not command deep political loyalties; nor has he given such loyalty, either to party or to individual politicians, except for the present Governor of Mississippi, through whom Eastland discharges the debt he owed to Johnson's father for appointing him to the Senate. Eastland even spoke for Johnson in his last campaign: an unusually energetic show of commitment. The ties between Eastland and Mississippi's junior Senator, John Stennis, reportedly came close to fraying when, a few years ago, Ross Barnett talked of running against Stennis and Eastland did nothing to silence him.

In reality a partyless politician, he has not since 1948 cleanly broken with the National Democratic Party. That year, spouting the Calhoun nonsense about how to force the Democratic Party to come begging simply by refusing to vote the ticket, Eastland went Dixiecrat.

He never again made that mistake, though he did nothing in 1964 to try to change the course of a white electorate that gave 87 per cent of its support—highest in the nation—to Barry Goldwater. He simply kept quiet, at least publicly, as did Stennis. But even silence from the South is sometimes appreciated in Washington; today they are the only Mississippians in the capital with any power, al-

though of course the power they share is quite enough for a state of only slightly more than 2 million people. Stennis is the chief pork barreler for the state, being second only to Richard Russell on the Armed Services Committee and ranking high enough on the Appropriations and the Aeronautical and Space Science Committees to keep NASA money flowing into Mississippi. Eastland's share of the power depends almost entirely on his ability to exert a negative influence and in that regard he seems to be dropping off sharply.

In recent years he has apparently given up trying to fill a role he once fancied for himself, that of the Great Arouser. Describing himself as "with a fever, weak, and can hardly stand up now," Eastland staggered to the Senate floor in 1948 and sounded the call:

The South is a sleeping giant. We hold the balance of power in this country. We can save the country. There must be a grass-roots organization in every hamlet of the South. The people must be informed of the dangers involved and

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of the results if the South is crushed. This all-Southern organization must be pushed. There must be mass meetings. The people are ready! The South can be saved!

Despite his fevered heroism, the nation wasn't saved that round, and neither was the South, but six years later Eastland was ready to try again, this time linking his talents with those of other Southern leaders such as Strom Thurmond, John Bell Williams, L. Mendel Rivers, William M. Tuck, Fielding Wright, Herman Talmadge, Sam Jones and Coke Stevenson. They met in Memphis to shape things up. To nobody's surprise, the chairman of the executive committee turned out to be none other than that old faithful alarmist John U. Barr, the New Orleans industrialist who was a prime mover in everything from the Southern States Industrial Council to the Dixiecrat movement to the campaign (conducted in league with Clarence Manion) to offer the nation T. Coleman Andrews for President.

That organization didn't catch on at all, but meanwhile Eastland was busy on the establishment of the White Citizens Councils of America —same goals, same leaders (for a while), same format—in Indianola, Jackson and other points in the South. Of all his organizational efforts, this one alone remains in more than moribund condition, and that is because its original middle-class leadership was shortly deposed on the local level and the low-class whites who really meant business took over. Eastland has attempted to keep "in" with this grubby crew. The Citizens Council depends very heavily on its radio-TV "forum" to sell its propaganda to whatever portion of the Southern public is still wavering. Eastland, along with another legislator from Mississippi, has arranged for many of the tapes and films to be made in government recording studios in Washington.

Despite such helping hands, Eastland has been upbraided recently by some members of the Citizens Council who feel that he is not doing all he could do to stave off integration. There is, behind the irony of such criticism, a very true feeling for Eastland's declining role in American life. The Citizens Council has grounds to complain, not because of what he has failed to do, but because Eastland has done all that he can do. As a representative of Mississippi's attitudes, he is now virtually useless in Washington, because Washington has forced him into a position of compromise, and compromise is completely foreign to Mississippi thinking. The nation will have to go on living with Judge Harold Cox for some time, but the nation will not be forced to take another like him. James P. Coleman was not Eastland's choice for the fifth circuit court of appeals. No man who as governor of Mississippi had said "we cannot defeat the whole nation" would be Eastland's choice, but after talking it over with Stennis, Eastland knew that Coleman was the best—or worst — judge Congress would accept from Mississippi, so he went along with the nomination. For Eastland, this is decay.

He will no longer sit for months on an important bill because Congress will not permit it. The future will see important bills going to his committee marked with a specific return date; the voting-rights legislation of 1965 was so marked. For Eastland, this is death.

He has had his period of negative strength, although even that has been exaggerated: mutilated and late, some civil rights bills nevertheless eventually, and regularly, reached the Senate floor despite Eastland's efforts to stop them in committee. Now there is scarcely anything left to stop. In the Internal Security Subcommittee he had his fling as a grand inquisitor, but of late the appellate courts have indicated they will hold him down to being merely a pest.

Old friends, old allies are falling away. An increasing number of Eastland's colleagues on the Judiciary Committee — including even that rational segregationist Sam Ervin of North Carolina—are racing to see who can most speedily dissociate himself from the Eastland-Sourwine position. When an Internal Security Subcommittee publication recently identified the American Friends Service Committee as "a well-known transmission belt for the Communist apparatus," the sharpest denunciations came from within the committee itself.

It will take time—time first of all to forget some of the heartache that his leadership has brought—but by and by the nation will again be able to see Eastland as the pathetic absurdity he really is but does not mean to be. What has Mississippi left in him? One vote, and the native talent to stand straight-faced and without embarrassment before the Senate and predict:

Some day, Mr. President, the people of this nation will come to realize what they owe to the people of Mississippi. . . .

What Is a Socialist? . . . . . James O'Connor

The highly successful First Annual Socialist Scholars Conference, held at Columbia University on September 11-12, drew an audience of upward of 900 teachers, scholars and others. Of the many genuinely important questions there raised, two in particular stood out, but only one of these enjoyed formal panel discussion: what is the political role of the Socialist academic? The other, and antecedent, question — what is the precise meaning of Socialist scholarship? — was not brought wholly out into the open.

The question that remains is whether an academic can be a Socialist scholar—in the sense of employing a *method* which departs from that of his orthodox colleagues—without being a Marxist. On the evidence provided at the conference, the answer is no. Although often interesting and informative, the papers given from a non-Marxist perspective were not in any apparent way Socialist, except insofar as the panelists held certain Socialist *opinions*. This was particularly true of the papers by Professors Richard Hamilton of

James O'Connor, assistant professor of Economics, Washington University, has just completed a book on the political economy of Cuba.

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Princeton University and Eleanor Leacock of Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, given Saturday morning on the ideology of the American working class, which were not distinguishable (although distinguished on their own terms) as Socialist scholarship by either topic or method.

Professor Hamilton, for example, performed the feat of transforming working-class intolerance of unpopular political and other views into middle-class intolerance by way of middle-class control of the decisively influential mass media. This was accomplished by a statistical sleight of hand of the type which is the orthodox social scientist's bread and butter. But *why* the workers have allowed themselves to be mutilated in this way — a question that naturally arises during an argument to the effect that the working class is "really tolerant"—was not discussed. In short, the problem of reduction (which concerns the relationships between opinions and real interest) was sloughed off and the concern was to defend the working class from slander (Professor Leacock's word) at the hands of academic orthodoxy.

With the panel Saturday afternoon on Modern Imperialism the conference seemed to get its bearings. Prof. Conor Cruise O'Brien, late of the United Nations and now on the faculty of New York University, discussed the political forms of contemporary imperialism. During the discussion he was taken to task, somewhat unfairly in at least one instance, by Professors Said Shah of the State University of New York (Plattsburg) and Timothy Harding, who specializes in Latin American studies at California State College, Los Angeles. Their main bone of contention was Professor O'Brien's unwillingness, to a degree more apparent than real, to discover the roots of modern imperialism in the economic imperatives of the advanced capitalist countries. As it turned out, there was a more or less general consensus to the effect that it would be premature to discard an economic theory of imperialism, although the relationship between economic interests and big business, on the one hand, and specific and general foreign policies, on the other, was a very complicated one, deserving extended study in the future.

Better organized and on the whole more coherent than the panel on imperialism was Sunday morning's session, "The Meaning of Conservatism for America." The provocative and important themes which emerged from papers by Professors Allen Guttmann (Amherst) and Warren I. Susman (Rutgers) were that while conservative thought in America is, to put it mildly, somewhat muddy, the conservative's stress on critical, as opposed to merely technical, thinking is a good thing; and that conservative values, at least certain of them, should not be dismissed as altogether nonsense. In effect, the audience heard a solid critique of liberalism in the guise of an exploration of conservative thought. During the subsequent discussion, a good dialogue between Marxists and non-Marxists provided a glimpse of the meaningful clash of ideas and analyses which we can hope to hear at future conferences.

The final panel of the conference, "The Future of American Socialism," was not as intellectually satisfying as the morning session, although the panelists did get down to the real business of outlining the conditions under which a Socialist movement might emerge in America and, of more immediate importance, debated the role of the Socialist academic. Prof. Staughton Lynd, who teaches history at Yale, led off with a theory which predicts that increasingly numerous and severe foreign-policy crises as a kind of substitute for economic depression will be the bellwether of Socialist revolution. This thesis was not developed in any detail, although it did not go unopposed. In particular, Dr. Herbert Aptheker, of the American Institute of Marxist Studies, painted a rather more optimistic view of the ability of the peoples in the backwaters of the capitalist world to stand up to American imperialism. Previously, Mr. Sylvester Leaks, of the Harlem Writers Guild, had reminded the audience that white Socialists had historically underestimated the revolutionary potential of the black workers in the ghettos and put forth the idea, by no means new, that socialism could not be expected to solve their problems until racism had been abolished.

Also sticking close to home, Mr. Norman Fruchter, an editor of *Studies on the Left*, in perhaps the most interesting comments of the afternoon, described the process by which oppositionists of all shades are absorbed into federal and other programs as a consequence of their inferior material resources and lack of a coherent and generally accepted theory of social change. Prof. Eugene Genovese (Rutgers) seconded that particular motion, throwing some cold water on Professor Lynd's views as to the possibilities of developing a Socialist movement. The conclusions which he drew for the role of Socialist academics flowed logically from his premise that there is an enormous amount of intellectual work to be done and that academics ought to be content to "influence" activists in the interests of rationing scarce resources in the context of a relatively stable social and political system.

The panel made clear that unlike the European and, in particular, the underdeveloped countries, first-rate intellectuals who are totally committed to a Socialist movement are rare indeed in this country. The reason, or at least the immediate reason, is that what is generally described as the Movement here is not a Socialist movement. What someone might have said—Prof. Genovese came closest—was that when Socialist academics do leave their studies they will have to *create* a new movement, and not merely work in the existing Movement.

And before a specifically Socialist movement can be created, it would seem essential to clear up the meaning of "Socialist scholarship." Otherwise, a Socialist movement would suffer from the same lack of ideological clarity that weakens the Movement today and subjects it to the insidious process of co-option. Next year's Second Annual Socialist Scholars Conference, one has reason to hope, will throw light on this question. In this way, the second annual conference, like the unprecedented and hugely provocative and useful first, will not only establish itself as the outstanding arena for Socialist debate and exchange but also be an occasion when Socialists can edge a bit closer to the eternal question: "What is to be done?"

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As It Was — As It Is

THE SOUTH AS IT IS: 1865-1866. By John Richard Dennett. Edited, with an introduction by Henry M. Christman. Viking Press. 370 pp. $6.95.

William R. Brock

Few historians now accept that curious blend of Old South mythology and economic interpretation which used to pass for the history of Reconstruction. Outside the South few now believe that Reconstruction policy can be explained by Northern vindictiveness or by error which was tragic when inspired by fanaticism, contemptible when designed to secure the ascendancy of the Republican Party, and explicable only by the desire to fasten Northern capitalism upon the South. For the past ten years the tide of historiography has flowed in another direction, and even in the South—where a generation ago there was an autmomatic reflex to the "horrors" of Reconstruction — the most distinguished historians now see the period after the Civil War as the forum for ideas and problems which could not be grasped or solved within the parochial concept of Southern "home rule." For the Northern liberal, Reconstruction has its own special challenge: the Republicans of the period professed the same ideas as the liberals of today, and they sought by their policy to translate the ideas into law and institutions. If the ideas are right today, were they wrong then; and if the ideas are universal, was the policy bad? In this new mood it is instructive to study the early issues of *The Nation,* launched on July 6, 1865 by a group of men who represented the quintessence of 19th-century enlightenment.

In the first two volumes of *The Nation* attention is held by a series of articles which appeared each week under the heading "The South As It Is." These articles provided a lucid, well-written account of travels, conditions and opinions in the South, and they provided the reading public of the North with much needed information about the strange and conquered land which so few of them knew; to a modern reader these echoes from a century ago have a ring of uncomfortable topicality. Their author was a very young man called John Richard Dennett; the articles were unsigned, he published nothing more, and he was to die before he was 36; his very name was therefore probably unknown even to specialists on the period. Henry M. Christman and the Viking Press have done a valuable service in rescuing Dennett from oblivion and publishing his articles for the first time in book form. From now on Dennett must figure on all short lists of books about the South during and since Reconstruction. It is a pity that the value of the book for students of the period was not increased by editorial notes and an index.

The first attractive thing about Dennett was his clear and exact English style; without rhetoric and without sentiment he reported what he saw and heard, and the manner of writing breeds confidence in his accuracy. It is tempting to use the overworked word "objective"; but Dennett was not really objective. He had taken part in the Port Royal experiment on the occupied Sea Islands of South Carolina, when free Negro labor had been tried for the first time on a large scale. He therefore went South in 1865 armed with well-formed ideas about the rights and capabilities of free Negroes, and a corresponding rejection of the Southern assertion that free labor would never succeed in the South. Moreover, he went South to answer certain questions which were vital for the formation of Northern policy: and he probably had a good notion of what the answers would be. His articles give the impression of a man who knew what he wanted to find, and though he did not distort evidence—indeed his reporting of actual conversations, even to the simulation of country dialects, has the ring of truth—he sought out the men who would provide the information he wanted, and when he found himself in random company he guided conversation into the required direction. Not that Southerners in 1865 needed much prodding to talk about the results of the war, about their attitude to the Union or, above all, about "niggers."

These were the questions which had to be answered: were the Southerners, or any large number of them, genuinely convinced of past error and was their formal resumption of allegiance likely to bear fruit in real loyalty; could Southern Unionists provide the nucleus for a new Southern leadership or a bridge of reconciliation between the sections; were Southerners prepared to give to the Negro equality under the law, and would they go beyond this—in due course if not immediately—to give him the vote; was there hope for Negro advancement if the responsibility was left to white Southerners; and would Southern employers operate a free labor system as the rest of the world understood it? To all these questions except the last Dennett provided, through his evidence of what Southerners themselves said, a negative reply. On the labor question he expressed a slight and qualified optimism because he found that Southerners' assertions about the worthlessness of Negro labor were sometimes contradicted by their own success in restoring production; by the spring of 1865 he thought that the freedmen, considering them "merely in their character of men hired to labor," were receiving tolerably good treatment and tolerably good wages. But he added, "that there is any general desire or even general willingness on the part

William R. Brock teaches American history at Cambridge. He is the author of An American Crisis: Congress and Reconstruction 1865-1867 *(St Martin's Press).*

October

Cellulose crackles: leaves
under my foot: scent crumbles
pressing spices of summer flowers
to a wood's smokehouse: now
fruit for desire's tooth,
apple-tart, tingling this time
to a plunge
into the haze, an ocean
bobbing stripes of lifeboat leaves
down in a drift
clutching down
gray horizon, shore
crumbling grain
after grain
seeding the rising ground

David Leviten

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of the Southern people to aid the Negro in becoming as valuable a member of society as he might become, in educating and otherwise elevating himself, I do not believe." He praised the maligned Freedmen's Bureau which, besides providing essential relief, "had at least familiarized the minds of Negroes and their former masters with the fact, not learned at once, that the slaves had really been emancipated"; but for this reason the bureau itself was odious to all Southern white men.

Bitterness toward the North made "itself manifest more or less distinctly in nearly every Southern community," and the impression was that of a feeling which time would not easily erase. This may prompt the incidental reflection that while reconciliation is not easy after any great war, the French, the Germans and the English have made a better job of it than two sections of a people sharing the same language and the same political tradition.

As for any hope which might be placed in Southern Unionists, Dennett found them a bewildered and despised minority; they had rejoiced in secret at Union victory, but four months after the end of hostilities they wondered if they had been right to rejoice at all. As for the past he found that many Southerners regretted secession but "not as a wrong thing which had been done; only as an inexpedient thing." Beneath Southern intransigence was a refusal to accept "the natural result of the war . . . that the social and political condition of the South is eventually to be the same with that of the North." On Negro rights, there was an almost universal belief that Negro testimony should not be accepted in the courts, which would make it impossible for any Negro to establish rights under the law. In Louisiana he met some Northern businessmen who were disposed to stay on after the troops had withdrawn, but "when I asked if there is any town in the state where they thought a man might, with safety to his life, publicly advocate, or be generally known to advocate, the propriety of allowing intelligent, educated Negroes to vote, the reply was uniformly in the negative."

The South which Dennett saw was the South which had not yet come under the Fourteenth Amendment, or the Reconstruction Acts, or Negro suffrage. It was the South guided by President Andrew Johnson's policy of leaving the initiative in Reconstruction to Southerners. The mood of the South, as he described it, was the determining factor which pressed moderate men toward radical Reconstruction; it was the mood which caused the policy, not the policy which caused the mood. The condition of the modern South is thus not the result of Reconstruction but of Southern attitudes which preceded Reconstruction. But charity bids one remember that no people have yet solved the problems of a biracial society.

Two Tough Minds . . .

AN AFRICAN BOURGEOISIE: Race, Class, and Politics in South Africa. By Leo Kuper. Yale University Press. 452 pp. $12.50. Paper $2.95.

POLITICS IN THE CONGO: Decolonization and Independence. By Crawford Young. Princeton University Press. 659 pp. $12.50.

AFRICA: A POLITICAL TRAVELOGUE. By Thomas Molnar. Fleet Publishing Corp. 304 pp. $6.95.

Gwendolen M. Carter

Before the Belgian Congo was given its independence in 1960, there were many common features between its situation and that in South Africa. In both, an advanced economy built on the rich returns of mining had drawn Africans from all over the country into its activities. In the Congo, where unlike South Africa there was no substantial white working class, there were fewer bars to Africans performing skilled tasks. But in neither country did Africans possess political rights and opportunities of any consequence or share in the ownership of the means of production. To this extent, both countries could be said to reflect a typically Marxist situation with the means of production and political power both firmly in the hands of a ruling minority and, to aggravate the situation, that minority differentiated from the majority not only by wealth and postion but also by color.

Yet to read side by side two of the most penetrating and significant detailed works yet to appear on these

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two countries — Leo Kuper's *An African Bourgeoisie: Race, Class, and Politics in South Africa* and Crawford Young's *Politics in the Congo: Decolonization and Independence*—is to be struck immediately by vast differences in the degree of development of Africans in South Africa and in the Congo. Dr. Kuper, in his tightly packed sociological account of the largely urban African bourgeoisie in South Africa, brings out clearly the depth of its roots, the extent of its history and spread, its commitment to African not ethnic nationalism, and the seedbed this group (which is hardly a class) provides for future leadership in that country in the unlikely event of an overturn of the present political system. In contrast, conscious nationalistic thought developed very late in the Congo where, until World War II, there was no African elite comparable to that already evident in South Africa before the turn of the century. This is largely because secondary education in the Congo hardly existed before 1939 and university education was established only shortly before independence, whereas by 1961 some 2,200 Africans in South Africa held university degrees. Moreover, freedom of the press and association were only legally granted in the Congo in 1959, whereas John Tengo Jabavu had established an African newspaper, *Imvo Zabantsundu (Native Opinion)*, as early as 1884.

It is striking contrasts like these that make nonsense of white South African fears that if Africans were granted political rights in that country the result would be the kind of turmoil and continued instability that have plagued the independent Congo Republic. Professor Young has given us a remarkably clear and readable account of the tangled politics surrounding and following the most rapid —and least well prepared—transfer of power that has taken place in Africa, a transfer whose character was further distorted by the continent's most sudden and complete Africanization of both bureaucracy and army. The lesson of the Congo is not to withhold political rights and administrative responsibility from Africans, but progressively to provide such opportunities. Particularly in a country like South Africa, where Africans have already long demonstrated professional and technical skills, such opportunities to share in molding the country's political course are especially important. Otherwise there is not only a waste of valuable potential but a gnawing impotence and bitterness among Africans that polarizes sentiment even among the most moderate, and prepares the way for the ultimate—though probably long-delayed—violence which Professor Kuper, like the rest of us who care deeply for the future of that beautiful and richly productive land, still hopes can be averted.

Such careful, detailed works as Professors Kuper and Young have given us sometimes gain added perspective by a more general work like Thomas Molnar's *Africa: A Political Travelogue*. A professor like the others but of French rather than of the social sciences, Dr. Molnar has written freshly and often vividly of what he saw during his African travels in the fall and winter of 1963-64. He does so, he says, to contradict many of the clichés of the international press but, alas, he accepts too easily the surface manifestations in central and southern Africa without going deeply enough into their background causes and their consequences. Thus he perpetuates without adequate research the current views of whites in southern Africa regarding the spread and potency of international communism.

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When he writes that even the Liberal party in South Africa has been permeated by communism, he discloses the extent of his bias. Perhaps the time has passed for these general accounts of the complex and ever-moving African scene. To analyze and understand the background and basic forces at work in the widely varied countries of that continent requires long study, and a perspective resting on intimate knowledge and scholarly analysis. What makes the first two books discussed in this review so important is that they represent the fruit of long study, extensive first-hand exposure and sound use of the techniques of their disciplines.

. . . And a Cold Eye

AFRICA: From Independence to Tomorrow. By David Hapgood. Atheneum Publishers. 221 pp. $5.

Stanley Meisler

I have spent a good deal of the past five years reading reams about Africa, some of it informing, some of it nonsense. David Hapgood's book has more sense than all the rest. This is not unexpected. Those of us who have met Hapgood, or have read his newsletters and magazine articles, have long known that he leaves all the academicians and other journalists far behind. Few Americans understand Africa the way he does.

The university professors who trek through Africa tend to see it through the prism of their own pet theories. The embassy men tend to see it as a giant continent cracked by the cold war into one part that adulates John F. Kennedy and another that cheers Chou En-lai. The newsmen tend to see it through the whispers of the elegant elite, sipping brandy and ginger in the hotel lobbies of the capitals.

Hapgood, a former *New York Times* writer who spent two years in Africa as a fellow of the Institute of Current World Affairs, looks at Africa with a cold eye and tough mind. He enjoys Africa, he feels it, even loves it, but he is not taken in. He sees its crushing problems, and he sees its leaders rushing away from them. His affection for Africa does not stop him from putting down in a relentless way all that is wrong with Africa and, by indirection, all that is wrong with a Western policy that encourages these ills.

Hapgood approaches the continent in three steps. First, he believes that Africa's economic development depends on its ability to change the attitudes of the peasants and transform agriculture. Second, he believes that the ruling elite is so alienated from the masses that it obstructs the agricultural transformation. Third, he believes that this alienated elite has been created in part by an imported educational system that has no relation at all to African society.

"To achieve a better material life," Hapgood says, "African farmers must adopt a whole set of new techniques, and for this to happen, millions of people living in isolation from the urban centers must decide they want to make revolutionary changes in their lives. Agricultural progress does not begin and end with a new tool or a different crop. . . . Change in how a man farms his land means change in how he views the world and himself in relation to other men."

The author shows how most Western agricultural experiments in Africa, with their foreign experts and heavy machinery, have failed. At the most they have created, at high cost, little pockets of privileged farmers. Their demonstration value has been nil. Most Africans look at the results, are duly impressed, but regard the foreign techniques as a special province of a foreign culture.

Hapgood, following the lead of the French agronomist Rene Dumont, suggests that the transformation of African agriculture must come through small changes: donkeys to turn water wheels and carry food to market, new hand tools that can be produced by village smiths, bins and insecticides to save the corn crop, production of peanut flour for protein, small sugar mills costing $4,000, cheap windmills, trained dogs to herd cattle.

Such changes will be difficult, and Hapgood says their success depends on agents of change who know village life and care about it. "It is likely that the lack of imagination and real concern on the part of both European and educated Africans lies behind most fiascos on the farm," Hapgood writes. " . . . The African technician, like his European predecessor, typically calls the villagers together and tells them what he, their superior, wants them to do. . . . For the elite African, concerned with showing how different he is from rural Africans, to listen to 'primitive' peasants without patronizing them

Stanley Meisler, a frequent Nation *contributor, spent a year in Africa on a foundation grant.*

'Reverting Still Again'

Reverting still again to the hatch from a
safe distance maybe it was like this
an engine idling with internal fire
the bones of the mastodon burning in the
red light of its lost imagined heart
rigidity and chaos statehood and anarchy
four meals a day served with a bell
a french sauce to cover the roast paranoia
tick tock the clock two feet in a sock
and virginia creeper flaming in october
trying to consume consume the square walls
where red squirrels are fighting like savages
screaming tooth and claw and none are hurt
a system of dikes walls dividing subduing
the sea that nevertheless still rages
like panthers back and forth in the cubicles
or a harmonica held up to the wind a line
of uniform holes and each one wailing
the time's favorite fellow the chimpanzee
at the typewriter that was where he lived

easy to be a poet reconstructing life
hard to live hard to live hard to live

easy to be a mad poet in the town's wonder
hard to be a madman far gone under.

Hayden Carruth

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ıay be damaging to his own self-steem."

Hapgood's conviction is that Af-ıca's ruling elite, despite all their ɔcialist slogans, do not believe in ɑange, for it might destroy their rivileges. "When the Europeans sur-ɔndered the keys of the palace," he rites, "they put the elite in their wn shoes. . . . Nothing could be more atural than for the African elite to ontinue a system in which they were o highly privileged; social change vould inevitably reduce their power, heir income, their sense of superior-ty." African capitals brim with what lapgood calls the unproductive but ɔlainly visible "monuments to the ɔlite's quest for prestige": palaces, ɔports stadiums, armies, air lines, raffic lights, television stations. The ɛlite would rather spend their energy ınd the country's money on these than on the peasant in the bush.

"The tragedy of the elite today," Hapgood continues, "is that it has adopted European ways of consumption without European productivity. . . . What Europe displayed [to the colonial Africans] was not the hard-working society of Europe but the somnolent feudalism of Europe-in-Africa. . . . Combined with its European salaries, low productivity makes the elite expensive indeed to the African nations."

The colonial attitudes are perpetuated in the elite by the colonial school systems still used in independent Africa. These schools teach Africans as if they were little Frenchmen or little Englishmen. "The alienation of the educated African was Europe's legacy," Hapgood writes, "and the school is still teaching the same message . . . the superiority of all that is European-urban over what is African-rural. Contempt for village culture and its values, and above all contempt for farming and manual labor, is the lesson instilled in the students."

Hapgood notes that "the method of teaching is still rigid memorization; the purpose of schooling is to pass an examination that gets you into the elite." This kind of schooling creates in the elite "the concern with status rather than production, the rigid application of rules without concern for their purpose and, worst of all, fear and dislike of anything new and risky."

Although it is hard to generalize about an entire continent, Hapgood's thesis is relevant to almost all of the

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ten Black African countries I have visited. I have a little trouble, though, in applying it to Nigeria, the largest and best known of the new nations in Africa.

This is not because Nigeria has escaped the three problems of agricultural stagnation, an unproductive elite and an irrelevant school system. Nigeria suffers from these just as do the other countries. But Nigeria has another side. Foreign aid and trade are pouring into the country, the pet of Britain and America. All this money has created a heady, get-rich atmosphere, and Nigerians are rushing about trying to get their fingers on the cash. Despite stagnant agriculture, elitism and Western education, can Nigeria develop on the force of greed alone? My guess is that the answer is no, that this country will falter just like the others. But I wish Hapgood had spent some time analyzing the special case of Nigeria.

I also have some trouble with Hapgood's final assessment. The import of his critique of Africa would seem to indicate a coming social and political revolution. How long can society withstand the pressures of a system that makes the elite richer and does nothing for the masses? But the author talks vaguely about the distant future when a new culture may come to Africa, combining both European and traditional African values. It sounds a little lame.

But these are quibbles or suggestions of new topics for another book. I don't want to suggest any serious deficiencies in this tight little work. It's the best one around on Africa.

Formentor Surprise

THE GIANT DWARFS. By Gisela Elsner. Translated by Joel Carmichael. Grove Press. 309 pp. $5.95.

Richard Kostelanetz

Last spring in London, *The Sunday Times* covered the heralded Formentor International Literary Conference in the gossipy, feature column by "Atticus" rather than in the book section. Justifying the switch, the columnist noted that the most memorable, if not newsworthy, aspects of the four previous conferences were not the prize novelists nor their work but the antics of the eminent invited literati; and, as if to write off the possibility of any literary significance at all, Atticus reported that Barney Rossett, head of the American participant Grove Press, said, "We haven't yet made any writer famous. And no writer has made us famous. . . . So I guess so far we score a double zero." The other first-rate Sunday paper, *The Observer*, reported: "Publishers' molls saunter past the swimming pool with the latest novels tucked under suntanned arms . . . desperate critics take refuge in the bar and leaf through half-read manuscripts at the last minute."

The Formentor Conference emerges as precisely the sort of gathering that fails to inspire confidence in its selections and makes one wonder why publishers who seem to have unlimited funds for such junkets turn around and complain that they have so little money to support truly good books. Pity the poor author who should win the prize. As victim of this messy system, he is cast into the literary arena as a product of what Daniel Boorstein calls a "pseudo-event," whose significance is manufactured by publicity rather than achieved by intrinsic worth; in short retrospect, one can judge that the Prix Formentor seems to have crippled more budding careers than it helped.

It was thus, with some surprise, that I discovered that last year's choice, Gisela Elsner's *The Giant Dwarfs* (originally written in German and now translated into English) is a novel with many extraordinary dimensions, one which establishes its author as a definite talent. Rather simple in conception, the book is the first-person narration of a 5-year-old male child's responses to the world around him. In form, it exemplifies that most challenging (to write) and difficult (to read) of modern prose structures: the totally flat, plotless, repetitious—in Joseph Frank's term, "spatial"—novel, sometimes glibly and fallaciously called the "anti-novel." *The Giant Dwarfs* announces both its technique and its theme from its opening pages, and instead of progressing on to other characters, interests or themes—developing a story in the traditional way—Miss Elsner resorts to the more painterly strategy of drawing an outline of the entire work at the start, and then filling in the picture with each successive scene and chapter.

Although the child lives, it seems, in the most normal of German middle-class surroundings, he looks at the world with the most jaundiced of eyes. Since the reason for his black vision is never explained, the implicit theme of the book is that, despite the most favorable of environments, it is still possible for a child to grow up neurotic and bleak. The book, like some of Flannery O'Connor's portrayals of children, emerges as a Freudian-Christian critique of liberal child-raising and progressive education.

The problems stem from Miss Elsner's apparent inability to tie the novel together into a seamless whole. The central improbability is the age of the narrator. The thoroughness of his negative vision becomes somewhat suspect and, further, his style varies considerably, echoing most frequently Samuel Beckett, but also Gertrude Stein, Jean Genet, Klaus Roehler (whose excellent stories, *The Games of Night*, 1959, are still regrettably little known) and Franz Kafka. Finally, some of the events the narrator describes are simply not credible, and here as in Günter Grass' *The Tin*

Richard Kostelanetz is the editor of The New American Arts *(Horizon).*

To a Good Friend at a Rest Home

I know how you feel:
like someone shoved
a heavy barrel against
your body;

like all the flowers in the world
bloomed
altogether black;

like — put in charge of
running your body's
machine — you jammed
it;

like if Death came you
wouldn't even be there . . .

Even now I know you sit
— gravely —
like a house full of mourners,
trying to remember where
you buried yourself.

And I hear you cry out
without sound
where where where

I know how you feel:
like your heart was a bird
but it flew away . . .

Phyllis Brooks

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Drum, much of the specifically German satire will be lost on English-speaking readers.

Still, the major sign of Miss Elsner's promise as a novelist is how intelligently she manages the problems of the spatial novel. Of the two distinctly contemporary prose forms—the other being the totally fragmented, discontinuous "narrative" of, say, Michel Butor's *Mobile* or William S. Burroughs' recent experiments—the spatial novel is the easier, for at least the novelist does not choose to eschew coherent sequences. However, basic problems remain, primary of which is how to sustain the reader's interest. In the most successful examples, style and character replace plot and any evidence of the author's attitudes or sensibility as the dominant features of the novel; a novelist's success with these two aspects goes nearly the whole way in realizing his work. Perhaps the most effective recent novels in this mode are Samuel Beckett's, in which the style, particularly in *The Unnamable*, never ceases to be as original and compelling as the narrator's predicament. In *The Giant Dwarfs*, the character is unusually interesting and his style, particularly the grotesque descriptions of fairly normal behavior, is brilliant enough to earn the work a place in the genre.

My father starts to eat. His belly touches the edge of the table. There is a gap between his thighs wide enough for a head to fit in. His legs are wrapped around his chair legs. He carries big forkfuls to his mouth and chews them with great care, his eyes fixed on the center part in my mother's hair, who is now serving herself a heap that would go into my heap several times over [which, he remarks earlier, is in turn "a heap that could go many times over into my father's heap"]. *Her head lowered, she sits opposite my father. And while my father is still chewing, he holds the next forkful at the level of his mouth, the prongs so close to his lips I'm afraid he may hurt himself.*

To note that Miss Elsner is capable of pages of high brilliance demands the secondary remark that her materials would have been more artistically successful if she had pruned them down into a short story or a novella. Still, compared to Miss Elsner, now 27, how few young Americans can imaginatively use such contemporary novelistic forms as well.

LETTER from TOKYO

Mary Evans

There was a time when even the scruffiest foreigner could feel himself a somebody in Japan. Though in their hearts the Japanese might assume that most long-time foreign residents—those who stayed for more than six months—were nincompoops too feeble to survive in their own land, they granted these cast-outs reassuring deference—the homage due those who convey magic by their very persons. Just as it can seem almost enough to bear a certain name, so it was almost enough to be a foreigner.

This has become less and less the case. People are still polite, but then the Japanese do have better public manners than almost anyone else. Somehow, one has been demoted from foreigner to alien resident. Construction workmen think it quite their right to hoot at passing foreign women. Taxi drivers no longer compulsively ask me, "What do you think of Japan?" The outer signs of status have diminished. It is no longer foreigners who ride in most of the big chauffered limousines but Japanese executives, or their little daughters being driven to the Sacred Heart Convent School. Nor are the limousines necessarily of foreign make: the Emperor has announced that from now on he will ride, not in a Rolls-Royce, but in a vehicle custom-built by a Japanese manufacturer. Most significant of this fall from glory, the social columns in the English-language papers, which everyone reads for a feeling of social solidarity, give more and more of their gushings to the activities of the international set among the Japanese.

There isn't quite a local jet set, but something near to it, what with all the Japanese who have been abroad, who are rich enough to give big international parties, to buy their wives Dior or Balmain dresses (made locally under Parisian supervision), and whose rebellious daughters no longer commit suicide when unhappy in love but instead run away with papa's wallet to Hong Kong. All else being equal—and the Japanese have never doubted their superiority in aesthetics and social conduct—money tends to put people in their places. Japan leads the world in shipbuilding, is second or third in electronics, chemical textiles, steel.

People no longer "talk poor," nor do they live as if they were. Most of the space in the new "Mansions" and "Co-op Villas" is rented by Japanese. My neighborhood meat shop now sells black olives, Vermont maple syrup and Indian chutney. It is the Japanese who buy the $15 tickets to see the Slav opera of Zagreb do *Boris Gudonov*. This past summer the boys and girls who hang out around the Ginza and in the "Champs Elysee" coffeehouse went in for madras. With all the new buildings going up — marble lobbies and fountains — Tokyo is muddy underfoot, but it certainly doesn't look shabby today. The big international hotels, like the Imperial and the Okura, where delegates to the Esperanto Conference share roof restaurants with doctors attending the neuro-physiological seminar, make their big money on Japanese wedding banquets and business parties.

Not everyone is prosperous. Cottage industry workers can barely eat, and the pioneer farmers in Hokkaido—who are forever losing the bean crop to typhoons—can't even do that. The authorities are constantly trying to track down 14-year-old girls who have been sold off to hot spring hotels, prostitution being against the law though destitution is not. As with the American poor, there are odd anomalies: the Tokyo rag pickers, considered at the very bottom of the heap, live in smelly alleys of tin-sided huts, where one sometimes finds a telephone (very expensive to install in Japan) or an electric washing machine among the messy piles of rags and junk which spill out of the tiny rotting rooms.

Still, most of the country is doing well, and there have been interesting developments in national self-assurance. It used to be that exhibitions of Japanese painters never carried identification signs in roman letters. One might as well have been viewing the anonymous works of anonymous painters. Now in the big department store galleries and the government museums, everything is

Mary Evans, who has lived in Tokyo for eight years, is film and theatre critic for the English-language Japan Times.

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labeled in English. The confidence thus shown is not so much in the artistic discrimination of the foreigners, but in the intrinsic worth of what has been hung.

Japanese men are also beginning to consider themselves as important works of art; they have a new sense of their own sexual value. They have always considered themselves superior to women (a worldly doctor friend says categorically that all women are at least 20 per cent inferior to men in all respects), but they weren't so sure that they held their own with foreign men. After all, they did lose the war, and the American GIs, who were so big, took away lots of their women. Whatever the reason for it —the blandishments of lonely women tourists tired of viewing gardens with other lonely women, the marriage of a young N.H.K. (Japan's B.B.C.) official to "a proud graduate of Radcliffe," Toshiro Mifune's fame—the Japanese male now believes he dominates the erotic dreams of foreign women. A story going around has it that in Yokohama there dwells a lady who came all the way from Oklahoma in order to ride the crowded commuter trains and "molest" the white-collar workers — who say that she is most dignified in her advances and that they look forward to these encounters.

Some of this new general confidence is due to the success of the Olympics. Everything — the subways and the monorail, the bullet train to Osaka and the marvelously beautiful swimming center by Kenzo Tange —got finished in time. That the Emperor read his short opening speech instead of reciting it was typical of the cautious care everyone took to make sure there wasn't a hitch. It was probably the most perfectly organized Olympics ever held. The Japanese didn't win as many medals as they had hoped for, but they collected more than did most European countries. Anyway, the games came off. A handsome boy, born the day Hiroshima was bombed, ran nimbly up the stadium steps to light the Olympic torch. The unhappy past was over.

The unhappy past is also being re-evaluated. The older generation of nationalists at last feels free to give its version of what happened. A book that came out recently says that the deaths of about 15,000 Allied prisoners of war and natives during the building of the Thai-Burma railroad weren't due to Japanese cruelty. The workers were better treated than the Japanese soldiers (which makes one pity the lot of the Japanese conscript). The Education Ministry, according to the *Weekly Asahi*, has officially approved the release of new history textbooks which give the impression that the Japanese invasion of French Indo-China was justifiable (because of economic pressures and because France had fallen to Germany) and that the term Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere "charmed even those who were not enthusiastic about the war."

Most Japanese remain completely uncharmed by that or any other war. When the United States began to bomb North Vietnam, people wrote hundreds of letters to the Japanese *Asahi*, saying that they were made to remember the terror of the wartime B-29 bombings of Japan. An instructor at the War College took what he thought was a private ride on a U.S. bombing sortie but someone on the U.S. side released a photograph, and there was national indignation. One friend said to me, patiently, that the explanations offered by the State Department of our mission in Southeast Asia reminded him of statements made by Japanese militarists, who had also claimed to be safeguarding the rights of the natives. And what is the difference, people ask, between the attack on North Vietnam and the attack on Pearl Harbor?

This year's Nika exhibit of modern painting showed a large oil of a young Vietnamese being comforted, at the moment of execution, by a cynical-looking priest, while troops in American helmets shoved their bayonets at weeping civilians. The artist was doubtless a leftist, yet coming back from a moon-viewing festival by streetcar, I sat next to a young girl who was reading the Japanese version of *Seventeen*: right after the pages on how to open a sliding door in the proper manner were photographs of peasant children in Vietnam clinging to their dead mother. Across the aisle a woman holding a bouquet of the autumn flowers one is offered at moon-viewing, said to her companion, "We should tell that American woman what we think of Vietnam."

At least the Japanese are still willing to tell us what they think of us. Significantly, they have adopted American ways of doing this. Instead of mass demonstrations, there was a televised teach-in, and a group of intellectuals has been trying to raise the money for a big peace ad in *The New York Times*. We are being treated rather as a foolish younger brother who doesn't realize how badly he is behaving.

The new sense of familial equality has its advantages for foreigners. At a performance of the Noh, tourists, bored by the unfamiliarity of it all, blew their noses during the most lyrical passages and left in the middle with a clatter of cameras and parcels. Yet I was asked by the ladies sitting next to me (all of them amateurs who had come to watch their Noh master perform) not whether I thought I could possibly ever understand the Noh but whether, like them, I was studying it. No longer magic, one has become individual.

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